

The Satanic Book and Satanic Living

By Lucifer Jeremy White

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2017- 2021 Lucifer Jeremy White

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1: The Satanic Book

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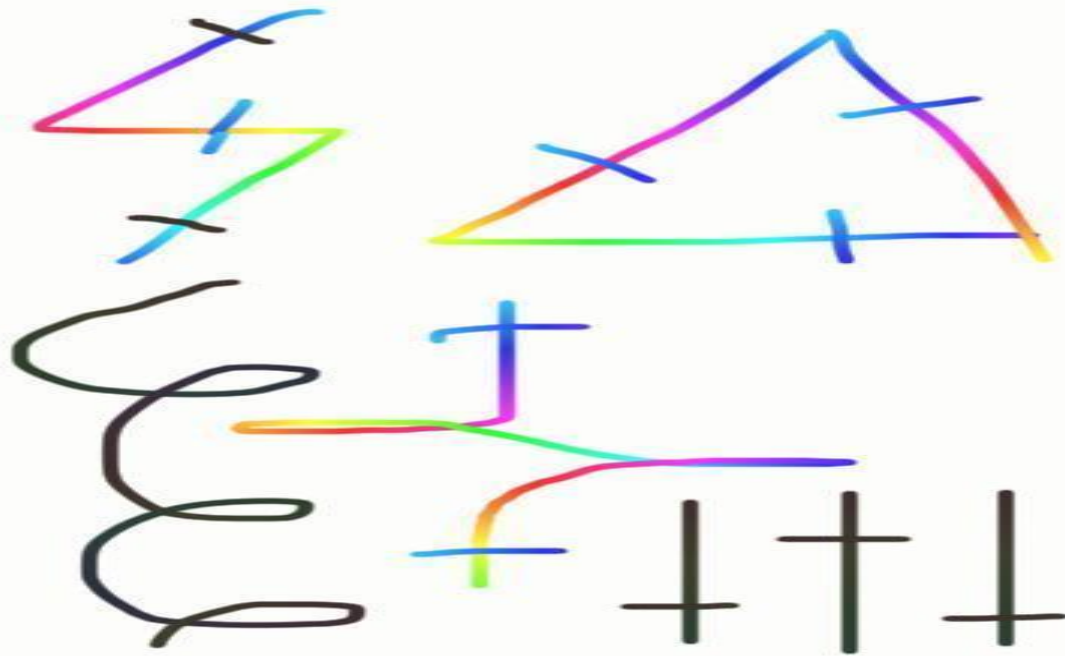
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Also by the author: The Final Bible of Christian Satanism

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INTRODUCTION

A portrait of this book

oLife Under The Sun.

It had manifested early on in music theory, the supposition of the *tonal* triad.

It was observable (evident, recognizable, bare faced, **public**) that three tones gave life (soul – viability; **anima**) to the spoken (the inducing) tones – more accurately the speaking tones that own and control the life of the other tones (in a scale of music) *the tonal triad*. Without the tonal triad music – it is dead, inert, **Inanimate and sourceless, without creation.**

But how do we understand this? How do we cull worthwhile knowledge from it, that knowledge applicable, helpful, broad? Well we will.

¹Washing Away the Demerit of Otherness.

A terrible Demerit of Soul and mind- otherness, and we the Oppositionists wash it out.

It is to be like others, instead of YOU. It runs deep. It courses, it redirects, it leads.

The less you are yourself.. The less an individualist. The more as others.. The less you are.

And there are other demerits (sins) only Demerit is a better use of the word for us.

*-in this book are techniques in heightening, enhancing, and **appropriating** individualism. In fact our foremost therapeutic technique is the shedding of skin ritual- which is to privately, or with someone you trust, lose **all** inhibition. These teachings are derived from Wilhelm Reich.*

²Flowing -and controlling- The Tide

To interpret the tidal flux. To redirect it as though a wheel. To enact, establish, endow- the new way. To lead.

And to fit in. To blend in. To coincide well with others. To be agreeable. To not stick out, to not radiate strangeness.

We are Religionists – the creators of religion.

*And we don't come in as opposition- not outwardly. To coincide with others is always the best route. To deflect and counter, argue and oppose, resist and shatter- these are never necessary- not outwardly- not **observably**.*

It's what Paul said, to be all things to all people. We simply add "for."

⁴ A Better Worship of Satan

*As it has been and still is, the worship (consisting of adulation, idolatry, veneration, homage and exaltation) *these* are incorrect. Currently Mr Evil assumes, dons a black vile decrepit robe gazing into black candle citing things tired and.. Simply moronic.*

The correct, more pleasantly pliable worship – It's childish- like a son or daughter. Apart from that its exaltation, veneration.

Be friends with your chosen demons, those higher powers.

Songs about Satan may be of the metal kind of music, but don't have to be. And set aside some of your work, your output *for Him*.

5 Sensory Development, Augmentation, Elevation

We the Worldly Oppositionist develop, augment and heighten our sensuality, senses.

It is very important to do so, in adding to the quality of life and concentrated beingness.

It is to lavish, to savor, to slowly eat food. The only reason why one gets fat is because of the high amount of food consumed. No one eats a ton of salad or bowl after bowl of vegetables. But if they did, they'd get fat. No, one that eats a lot eats what they enjoy and compulsively. To eat slowly, savoring your food, preparing your body for it, making digestion easier, maintains, sponsors low weight.

And lavish, rollick other good things for all the senses.

(6) And here are other primary aspects of Worldly Opposition:

To use a basic dictionary to recall, recollect, remember. So for example if you see the word "car" you remember your first car. If you see the word "paper," you may remember a childhood essay. *Doing so damn well perfects your memory.*

.. Bright-Side thinking: It is to think of every good thing in your life, frequently.

Pride as a virtue: Raise, exuberate pride.

Oneness- To be as one.

These give a greater sense to the nature of this book. ***End of First Introduction.***

Introduction 2: Introducing Myself

Hellow. In my life I've studied music composition, Jiu-Jitsu, religion, and all occult (hidden) knowledge.

In my life I could have been a Marine, but was kicked out because of being a Satanist.

And so I compiled a work, a literary item called the Christian Satanic Bible (and its final incarnation *The Final Bible of Satanism*).

I have been homeless for a year, for two altogether, at The Fisherman's WHARF and Financial District of San Francisco. Though I've never panhandled/begged, whored myself or taken ANY drug.

Have been in jail. Have been in a locked State Psychiatric Hospital for attempted murder.

I will tell you, firmly, that I was in the presence of Hell, have seen Ya and Satan, and have seen visions.

My existence has been founded, framed, **spawned**, from Individualism. I find myself often saying "well, it used to be popular." What is the matter that it no longer is? And I say, " well, it may be popular again someday.."

I am the kind that takes random books from the library and designs, conceiving majic from them. For example I found 5 ancient language letters for a personal enunciation of *Satan*.

Life is a bloodsport and the reward of a palace awaits a very few. I strive for a memory palace, a taste palace, a majic palace, and a Master of Expression Palace. The higher the goal, the least the least the most.

Introductions Concluded.

Teachings, Principle Matter Needing, Pressing for Emphasis, Priority.

All Churches would do well to have different jobs, functions, **operations**. We do. But all of us are TRASH AUTHORS. A trash author writes on any available paper. S/he then has it preserved, perpetuated, concerned. It is writing Church material and placing it in a plastic bottle, a crevice, a book, inside a box, underground.

It doesn't have to be Church material, but it is our practice.

God (Ya) The "Father."

I CANNOT dismiss, expel, **shed** that Ya, who would Father me, allowed, permitted, sanction *suffering*. In my life God ignored my suffering. Having starved, been confined, homeless without income- and during these times Ya was absent, "nobody home."

I REFUSE to forgive *HIM* the deadbeat father. What good use is He? On what could you rely on Him?

Heaven is no more than eternal worship of Ya, and is the place where cowards go.

I am of my Father, The Devil, My God.

Our God is Satan, and we demand it constitute a religion. *This is religion. This is our creed, our faith, our tenet, our dogma, our belief: That Satan is a God superior, better and more worthy than Ya to be praised, exalted, emulated and worshipped.*

We see rotten, decrepit, despicable, repugnant and vile people who are Christians. They are a persecutory people. *Hateful, judgmental, dictating.* They follow an evil murderous angry God. If there is no separation of Church and State then they force their beliefs into Law.

May Satan forever triumph! Praise The Exalted One!

What Ya Does Not Want Us To Have

Though it was a Satanist I was speaking to, he told me, after reasoning, brandishing that *Man (humans)* will scientifically develop, and establish immortality through a chemical process, He firmly stated “No! Because (hu)Man will never trump God!”

We live in a time where science is leading us into a championing preeminent sort of *perfection. A utopia. A paradise.* But would Ya allow, **allocate** such a thing? Or would he pull the brakes on it?

Science is making extraordinary, phenomenal strides. AI and robotics are becoming developed enough to do all our work. VR tech is making something like a holodeck possible, realistically enough. Things like driverless cars, extended life, even immortality, is, actually, very feasible.

But the question remains: Will Ya allow it?

The Presence of Hell

Hell is a presence, a place whose elements are strikingly different from *typical, earthly construed* elements. It is not a different or specific, categorical place- but a presence, being, existence, **habitation.**

Here are the characteristics innate of it:

Those in Hell observe, intensely perceive an undertone of evil, **iniquity.** To *listen* to music is to *comprehend. Understand, perceive, conceptualize* iniquity. It is easily observable as sourced from diabolical forces.

It is a place where fantasy and reality are intertwined. *Truth is brought forth from fantasy and, as best it can, becomes reality.*

One day in Hell I sat on a bench. A strange band was playing. I was talking "to everyone" when someone shushed at me. And I was aware that those there were there to hear the suffering of Hell.

In Hell you have visions. My most remarkable one was a vision of clouds: From the morning star fell a bat like black angel. It swirled to the left forming a devil headed snake. It went over the first rays of the sun going somewhere to the west. *Then* a magnificent white angel, a little like a bird, looked up at the morning star/planet. A black cloud resembling a perfect black rainbow appeared, and a murder of crows flooded the park.

Another Vision. I beheld Satan, who looks like a wingless dragon standing upright, no more than 2 feet tall pulling up something I. Africa. He said "this is great Adam (my birth name)." And a few weeks later came an Ebola outbreak.

Again. One time I saw Ya swish his hand away from me and said "remember fire, pussy!"

And one more: I beheld a purplish hazy dimension and heard an organ playing. Peering in I saw Anton LaVey (the famous Satanist.) He looked me in the eye, and lightning flashed before my eyes.

And in Hell you become engulfed in fantasy and sin, indulgence, sometimes fixated, endemic to its world, hence the term, "worm is never quenched."

You also have different personalities, enveloped in them, and these you act out, as though a part of a movie. *Feelings are different, emotions, sometimes you're a child, other times a detective, and accents are garnered, drawn, and sometimes new accents are formed, articulated.*

I don't do drugs. I'm probably one of five percent that never has.

Implementing the Credit Coin System

The benefit, godsend, betterment of this system, structure is the concept, use of Economic Diversity.

The letters of a name are given numbers. For the name Adam Jeremy Capps- and the whole name is used, There are a certain number of letters available. In this case, for example, three letter A's are present. *The Name* creates a number from a "registered product name." Then, if Bongal's Cherry Cider is purchased, unless my math is wrong-

eight of the letters in my name coincided with it. *Meaning for me Bongal's Cherry Cider costs an eight credit coin.*

You may ask, "what about an "Apple iPhone," is that going to cost you a five credit coin? The solution to this is "Apple iPhone Hourly Service," ,or "Apple iPhone Partial."

And in this system a one credit coin is as valuable as an eight credit coin, as though a dollar bill worth as much as a twenty, except that they get you different things.

Also, a master name might be used in relation to all products-

This system uses my own concoction, formation. I developed, formed it while under solitary confinement over the course of a month. During that time I also created, formulated my so-called Principality List.. My greatest writing, formation. Leading us there..

The Principality List

1 (me) *White, Ring, Goat, Thief*

2 *Bird, Hand, Staff, Red*

3 *Bear, Brown, Cane, Bee*

4 *Green, Rabbit, Seed, Stage*

5 *Gold, Sword, Swine, Joker*

6 *Red, Whip, Cat, Fairy*

7 *Yellow, Rodent, Wind, Duke*

8 *Bomb/ Blast/Wand, Fox, Black, Beast*

9 *Yellow, Toad, Horse, Dust*

10 *Black Panther, Assassin, Scroll, Creature*

11 *Blue, Elephant, Stone, Spirit*

12 *Purple, Dragon, Mask, Canine.*

These are found in movies, games, and shows. For example: Number 7 is a rodent. Her/his cartoon characters are Mickey Mouse, Jerry from Tom and Jerry, and the cartoon movie- a very good movie called Nymn.

There is the Cat under # sixes Red, Whip, Cat, Fairy. There is Top Cat, Sylvester, The lion (all felines) from Wizard of OZ, there's the cat from Alice in Wonderland, and The Pink Panther. And as for the whip, there is the game Castlevania and the movie Indiana Jones. Then there are the fairies from The Legend of Zelda.

And take the Lord of the Ring Movies: Gandalf raises his *staff* against a red *creature* with a *whip* and after his encounter with it, he becomes Gandolph the *white*.

Whole books can document The Principality list and types of people created around it.

The Cross of Immorality

It is easier, more **facile**, to be moral, for most. It is much easier to say yes than it is to say *no*. It is easier to give one asking anything- money, cigarettes, or an errand a chore, than it is to refuse. You might have to do good but you don't have to be good. We are Devil Worshipers, though, and as such are iniquitous.

But consider bearing the cross of immorality, transgressing the dictates of Boss Christ. Must we adhere, **subject** ourselves to *him*? Let us be good to our own kind, when it's called for, with provisions of acceptable tolerance. But outside our own kind, our group, and friends, trying to make well with our family, if at all possible (with our family) but save a portion of scorn for the Christian.

And know: the Muslim is the Devils created, invented, **procured** thing, **figure**. The Koran is just a masculine, Satanic book, practice.

Worship Devils in an evil faculty, an evil sense.

Take the road less traveled where all outside you is disdained, burned to the roots. Capture people- don't get captured, ensnared, encapsulated, **taken**. *And bear the Cross of refusing, rejecting, God, as distasteful, malevolent, crude, obtuse, vile, wretched, selfish, and disdainful.*

If Ya is unconditionally loving, He must prove so.

The New Immorality and the New Controversy

It may seem people are more immoral than ever, but this is not so. They are simply immoral in a new way. Among the list of newly immoral things is: smoking cigarettes, which is more unacceptable than crack and heroin. Prejudice is very immoral. It is such to the extent that certain words will shame and ostracize you.

Bad diet is immoral. Good diet and exercise is repentance, praised by society, even rejoiced. Stop smoking? Society rejoices. If you're black you can sit anywhere-in the back, as it is with whites now too. Front seats are for the elderly, the newly privileged.

There is old controversy: gayness, black on white sex or coupling, satanism, a former controversy, and sex in general. *Now* controversy is:

A cartoon smoking a cigarette, a rap artist singing about butt fucking, and a restaurant called I Love Satan's- a place littering the ground with plastic cups bearing upside down crosses and goats.

What is it About the Color White?

Certainly the greatest, nonpareil things, elementals, are white. As with food: *Sugar, flour, bread, dough, salt, rice, banana, potatoes, coconut, milk, baking soda, vanilla, apple (meat, as with potatoes, ect), oatmeal, cream, white peach, white corn, and onion, garlic, real butter, mozzarella, parmesan, and many other cheeses.*

Looking further into it there is white gold, pearls, lightning, clouds, snow, chicken, turkey, mayo, eggs, white sands in new mexico, white is the hottest fire and is a mix of all colors (not black), the moon is white and most homes, books, ect.

But too much white is bad. Too much sugar: diabetes. Too much salt: heart attack. Too much lightning, too much snow, too much heat, and so on.

In regard to racial matters: Being of a color does not impart worthy, earned pride. You did nothing to obtain, acquire it. Or are you *Mr. White..*

Of a race, however, of a type. No matter how much one says that race makes none the difference, yet they identify with it. And that's fine. Unless you are sincerely, truthfully, fond of a different race, particularly, and prefer to be a part, a component of it, then don't.

Let one race have its own: to the white, Lex Luther, which is my favorite villain- One wealthy, bald, a businessman, not a nut or something impossible.

I cannot identify or successfully warp, re-construe things other races have, naturally, made for themselves.

Take from your own race symbols, architecture, priorsis, for your miscreance.. Villainy. For an Asian a ninja scheme- *evolved, done better even overhauled existing practically, sensibly, re done- done better.*

If black, a gangster, or a worker of voodoo,

And keep in mind these are just examples.

The Tale of Satan, Queen Shiva, and Prince Agnes

Early in Earth (Nazia's) time all *human* races were black. And Satan, having tempted Adam and Eve to eat of forbidden fruit, was cast by Ya onto the mountains of India.

Being there Satan decided, deliberated to himself to pull down his two angels *Agnes* and *Shiva*, who were to procreate, changing the occupancy of God's creation.

Agnes and *Shiva* were instructed to procreate, and to live a simple, rustic, primitive life, and to slowly, but surely, make their way to what we now call Scandinavia. In the early years of this, in India, *Agnes* played, as an adult child would, and *Shiva*, true to her ways, was a mad indulgent dancer.

They spread around their seed, their children, from both each other and many of their encounters. And though they were to live without science, their seed, genes, and DNA would dominate and overtake that of humans.

And once in Scandinavia they procreated, and procreated, and procreated. And they did not leave until humans were given a good start in executing, cultivating, establishing *society- culture and civilization*.

Yes, Agnes and Shiva are the mothers and fathers of the white race.

Moral People Should Be Thrown in Jail

People that are psychotic should be privileged, given more rights, such as the type though respectful enough, are not afraid of the police. Psychotic, as in not afraid to steal.. Food. Those that see nothing *wrong* with sex, or walking around nude.

These people have been harassed and bullied, abused and stripped.

What *about* morals? The moral promote weakness, “gentle sensitivities, would shame someone who burps. Are overly work-minded, will debase you for not working hard enough.

Usually the rich will slide right out of jail. Life for them are easy, there’s no struggle, there is bail, there is lawyers, at worst they have the best commissary

The psychotic people that have no inhibition, that do not at all do well operating in a rich man's world and simply do not care, should be given license, **exemption**.

The Diabolical Spirits Upon The Earth

An entity, dirty, a *higher-being* is higher in that of higher intelligence, more “soul” higher/stronger-much stronger emotions. It is so much more that it emanates, not being able to be held, confined. That is why when humans are able to elevate their emotions high enough, magic is worked.

The presence of a demon brings with it its own outpouring things, like:

Leviathan rests in the deep seas. Depending on where he is, an outpouring of knowledge emanates, emits from him to stroll, trek across the earth. It is deep knowledge, luminosity deep enough to drown its bearer in thought. Presiding most often in the Asian seas, Leviathan has imparted some of the wisest of philosophies. In fact, there was a forgotten, lost in time Asian people that were mad with reality- too deep in the intricacies of thought that they chanted *Neti Neti This Is It!* To anchor themselves.

Shiva is *the mad indulgent dancer*. In her presence there is a rapture of sensory pleasure. It is accompanied by destruction, but the two aren't related.

Agnes Agnes brings with him childishness and wonder. Agnes is often with Shiva, they are partners, companions.

Lilith Lilith brings with her intense, heightened lust. Lilith was the first child of Agnes and Shiva while in the Scandinavian Eden. She was set apart and (you could say scientifically) made into a god- as a demon. If Lilith is a succubus it is because she *likes* to be. She likes dreamers (she likes dreams and the dreamer, you could say.)

Azrael brings about epiphany. He doesn't often come into contact with humans but when he does he is urging the creation of something- prompting the purpose thereof. He is a visionary, a protagonist, an instigator, responsible for change.

Mammon Satan has charged, employed Mammon to change, redirect or otherwise guide nations. He has from time to time employed, utilized the aid of humans to these ends, but he usually designs, seduces others in these ends, not appearing, manifesting himself. And Mammon brought about the Babylonian economic system.

Behemoth Behemoth is a being whose dreams circumference the earth, and these higher beings' thoughts are so involved, so rich and penetrating that they transform the deepest regions of space.

Beelzebub is a being that leaves traces of himself in mushrooms. He goes about as a fly. He's monstrously filthy and is attracted to those who are the same. He is/and also in a sense degradation, corroding, rotting. It is not easy to make friends, take comradery from such a being.. He is very unresponsive. But those that could would have their enemies fitted with cancer and profusion.

The Incorporation of “Satanic Media”

Final Fantasy has received scorn and displeasure from Christian Church groups from it's beginning. It has been called “anti-religious and Satanic. *Final Fantasy* is everything Satanic and eloquently so. Satan himself is best described as “eloquently iniquitous.” A whole new occult amenity can be created, constructed from *Final Fantasy*. This is where the best Satanic concepts come from.

It uses the summoning, as a demonic dictionary, in the summoning- the summoning use of demons (including demon- dubbing.) And as for the magic system, it can be executed in a psychological manner- to use poison spell to psychologically poison one's mind, or ice spell to (somehow, in any way, stun someone) Or the fire spell- to be one passionate.

The entire construct, composition, constitution of Final Fantasy is very applicable to occult use.

I do not own Final Fantasy and am independent from them.

Most of the Satanic media came from the 80s and 90s, including movies such as: Warlock, Ghoulies, Omen, The Gate, Hellraiser, The Smurfs (whereas Gargamel stands within a pentagram and uses witchcraft), And He Man, which had sorcerers, as with music- much, I like a little of a lot of it and a lot of Slayer, Danzig, and Morbid Angel.

May Your Halloween be so Evil and Lucifer lead you there. Praise the Beast!

Satanic Thinking

Certainly if one is to be a Satanic thinker one must be an outstanding, independent, individualist thinker. You: Satanist, invert all popular thought as man's pentagram is inverted into the Beast. It includes the trappings, the constraint, the imprisonment, the confinement of political correctness, of trendly “modern thought.

ESCAPE! FREE YOURSELF! Ask yourself *why* you must be like them, *what good is it?* Create your own system of thinking, your own norm, your own concerns. Know what in existence you *love, cherish, and need.*

But blend in. Where issues are habitually generated to a pro or a con, the *right* way to think, the *wrong* way to think, simply blend in, be agreeable, and don't let it shame you.

Practice, develop and nurture “optimal-pathic” reasoning. What you *should* know, what *helps you* to know, what properly, peerlessly forms you through knowledge.. And meditate for perspective and of others perspectives.

Creativity, Innovation, and Invention

In the past singular people devised incredible things. Light bulbs, generators, telephones, radios, and things like the piano, the watch and the automobile. Great companies came together and created the computer processor, the microchip, compact disks and cell phones.

It's the people that think outside the box, that idealize things off the beaten path to greener pastures, who are revolutionary, novel, **progressive**. Companies like Apple and Nintendo are such a way, and companies like them are about quality.

One trick, technique, in creating new, enhanced, sterling things- inventions, is to combine any two to four things together, as though a soup, with the task of making it taste good.

With creativity- take plastic straws and thread making a straw house, or tape and playing cards making a house of cards.

The Devil's Tastes

Have you ever stopped to consider, weigh out, how much of your tastes are and are not uniquely your own? Or from where your tastes were imparted? Have you taken time to get a greater sense of what you like? Or ruminate over what, of all the things in the Earth, is good, enjoyable, **genial**?

If you like mostly modern, popular things. If you don't like much beyond your cell phone or TV and you don't do much more than listen to today's best music, then you don't have a Satanic taste.

Working Effective Magic

Do a job for the Devil, the greater the better. Fulfill a Satanic purpose.

Practice perfection in what you do, magically or otherwise.

The human being is a creator of worlds, of places. To some extent what you release goes into " the Nether" and "up there" it swirls and gushes until it falls back down as water, and back to you as a transformed reality.

There is taste magic. Those good at visualizing taste saliently, pleurably or not, but **acutely**, food. Music helps. The two or three produce a magical working emanation. Incorporate the principality list (from earlier in this book.)

Magic is in large part, primarily, expressly, a relationship between you and the deities. If a crystal in the pocket produces a magical effect, it is because a dirty one finds it cute. A dirty person might be flattered by an altar and ceremony for it, and may like praise and yellow candles.

The Satanic Purpose

The dynamics of existence enhanced by Satanism differ widely from the norm when the Satanist has established a Satanic purpose. *In another way of saying it:* The Satanist that finds purpose, her or his life is set, immovable, predetermined, appointed, resolved.

That's because a Satanist is gratified, accomplished, with executing, performing purpose. It is true that there is "no rest for the wicked." S/he is doing something they want to exceed, shine.

It may be blogging, operating a Satanic website, to form a group, Satanic cult. The Satanist may be in a band driving for success. *And Satanic bands are more driven, ambitious.* Or as is my purpose to write: and do well at it, to do a good work. *Satanists are naturally not pretentious.*

Let's do our best as we naturally do. Be there pleasure in work and resolve to continue, but may rest, though be brief, refreshing, transformative.

The Circle Ritual

Place eight stones in a circle around you. The first stone detail, elaborate on your wishes. Wrap the stone with a piece of paper on which your wishes were listed, Put that into a piece of cloth. It's then "clothed."

For the second stone pray your wishes come true- by Satan. Carry that stone in your pocket.

For the third stone carry it onto your altar. Place it into a bowl of water and pray to a demon, or demons your wishes come to fruition.

For the fourth stone clench it in your fist tight, and shaking it curse your obstacles and plead for help in destroying them. While doing so get a sense of them, your obstacles, being destroyed. Hold this stone in your hand until the ritual is finished. When it is you'll throw the stone outside, or away.

Take the fifth stone and tap it with the sixth, tapping them together 63 times.

Do the same with the seventh and eighth stone, and afterward do the same with the sixth and eighth stone. Then take the seventh stone to curse, blaspheme Ya (God.) Then throw the fourth and seventh stones outside, away, or into the garbage.

Your wishes will come true.

What are the Nobodies Doing?

The nobodies aren't doing anything. The politicians are sometimes baby sitting and protecting the cowardly. The teachers are at best teaching reading and simple math. They are saturated into much of nothing, as the cherry tree. The painters are painting crap, things that can be photographed. And the list is tireless.

But what good is there beyond pride good food and music, good sex and dubious excursions?

There was a time that trees were entertainment, and toil was necessary to get important things done (such as milking the cow, going out for firewood, and if music was ever heard..) Video games and video files are a dime a dozen and on an e book reader one has a massive library of books in one.

No typewriter books, they're spewed out and distributed to the works post haste.

I'd considered: what is the best preoccupation? I could paint. It would be stared at. I could make a game. But these are made by large teams of people. I could write music. But what good would that do *me*? *What difference would it make, especially in time*?

I always wanted to be an author. I'll always be one. And as early as twelve I wanted to create a Satanic cult and the books thereunto. Religions have always created the most substantial difference to humankind.

Satanic Habits Making More Satanic.

To fit, accustomed, habituate yourself into Satanic habits will concentrate Satanism within you. The senses must be heightened, even intensified, **accentuated**. There is a beastly feeling humans can release and delve, submit, appease. It is the human's *animal state*. As a wolf devoting, as a total submission, release of sexual pleasure. The human mind constrains it. It is less constrained when hungry, sexually withheld.

Succumb to the fiery presence of indulgence. Before you food that's *lavished and devoured*. Release into impulse the beastly state.

Have the habit, custom of, perfectionism. It's been said you can't be perfect. No, but you have it to reach for, ever so, to do your best. Perfection is a Satanic implementation. And that's good. Lucifer was God's model of perfection.

Also, nurture individual thinking. If you meditate, include pride. Think to spur perspective. Do a thing for Satan each and every day. Learn Satanic things at least a little every day and don't tune out of Satanic music for too long.

Tithe toward your future prosperity, rouse servisable new ideas, and submit, succumb to entertainment- as a child, be enthralled with fantasy, as more a reality.

Preparing for Your Future

Outline and design, prepare and design, as a framework, your future times. First let us have a perspective of what the future holds. We Satanists have science as our salvation. Science can do all things and will do for us all good things onward, unless we fall apart from it, and digress. Therefore the support of science and personal, individual or not, scientific exploration is essential, indispensable.

That's science. But you are more than that. My favorite book has always helped me formulate and convict my future. *The Richest Man in Babylon.*

Each month do something that benefits, harvests the crop. Something that's substantial, fortifying, enriching. Be it at least ten percent of your resources that whether or not it returns money, makes life better.

If you present yourself as helpful, useful, then you would be relied upon, with favor returned. If you set aside the need for things, as an ant in fall, for winter, good. And do not expend more than your resources could. Instead pike upon needful things more and have allotted enough for its own savings.

Simply enough: always invest in a better future.

My Satanic Visions

Clouds have shown me things, such as: The Harvester Death, the Will-Be-Done, that being a flying robot with a digital face. He comes to The Leader and swipes The Leader's paper tablet, then executes his purpose. Once I saw a cloud that looked like a face, pointed to it and said to my friend "that looks like me!" That cloud was on the news the next day, seen by family members of a person who perished. They saw it and said, it was (her) she lives on.

I have seen what could be called The WHORG.

I came across a road one day, long after walking into an Arizona desert, with signs battered in blood, a crossroads of death, where I took the right turn and made it out OK.

I have seen stars, gold, and knew whether or not separated from Ya, in an elevated mood the windows of heaven would open. The Book of Enoch outlined different types of damnation, though they varied widely from Dante's inferno.

I've seen a place that those gay go. On one side of the world the lesbian, on the other side the gay men. The playful, annoying fairy goes to the lesbo side to irritate them, and a rainbow dragon flies through the air. But the lesbian fairy is much meaner.

I've seen a thing I call doom tower. Imagine a towering building peering downward with a face on top.

I've seen the wicked go underground, with the doorway being kept by a pot bellied demon.

I've seen Titan causing an earthquake, and it came. I've seen little Satan pulling up Ebola, which came. I've seen Ya, who swooshed his hand away from me and said, "remember fire, pussy."

I've seen a black widow hiding in a crevasse, waiting to attack its enemy *humankind*.

I've seen that Satan has, for the last hundred years, experimented with human coupling, and that this is a thing observable in popular music. My favorite resemblance of this came from Who's Crying Now by Journey, which is about me *as Satan's Chosen*. *And if we are with and from the Devil, it's about us all that are.*

I've seen Beelzebub, as a winking fly, who sounds like Led Zeppelin.

And I've seen my own self acting out the characters of *snake, mouse, and cat*.

America, The New World of the People

It isn't a far stretch, more than simple math, to determine that the founding fathers of America were Satanic. They fled from a Church State, the strongest, most vile in world history. To blaspheme means certain death. *And they implemented free use of speech and freedom of religion.*

The PEOPLE of *The New Works* were those of Satan's Exodus. The founding fathers were induced, active in the occult- as much that was acceptable, permissible.

It is altogether obvious that Satan was missing from books, music and Churches and the result of free speech and religion would ultimately lead to Satanic books, music and religion. Nothing was said to restrict it.

It is obviously a culture of Satan, America. What seems harmless enough, pop music, including that from the 60s, seems regular to us. But to the Middle Eastern or those new to it, it carries an aura, a presence of *evil, diabolic sound*. Believe me, it does.

We are Satan's Israel. Satan likes this place. Even if something is apparently outspoken of Him, Devil, it often still is. The song Diamonds by Rhianna *is* about Lucifer.

In His place, this place, His America, Satan has rooted out Christianity and godliness/ righteousness. There is a separation here of Church and State and blasphemy is on the regular plates of visual and auditory entertainment.

The Devil has created for Himself here, his own military, His own Media, art, literature, music, TV, religions: you name it.

The Basic Outline for a Perfect Palace

The *Master of Expression* component would entail optimal ability to express myself creatively. The *Memory* component has it includes all the good things of my life and childhood. The *Taste* component has the best of my favorite films, music, books, and food. The *Magic* component is the ability to suitably perform magic.

The Palace itself will have stainless steel flooring, thick plastic walls, stained glass windows, a mister (mist-producing room,) a hot spring room with lithium in the water. Also, heavy on glow in the dark items and paint, such as glowing stars. An ice maker is a must as is a home theater and music that blasts up to Ya from the roof.

The temperature is constantly 80 degrees F. Trays and trays of, placed separately, game board prices, electronic parts, video game guides, especially Final Fantasy, and things usable for crafts- like thread and straw, beads and wire.

A plasma TV inside, weeping willow trees outside, an abandoned bus in the black, a fireplace, silver spoons,

My palace would have a large closet of the following kinds of clothes:

100% sheep wool socks

Durable sandals (outdoor sandals, not flip flops)

Cargo pants (that are solid colors, especially white)

Thermal underwear pants/ long johns

Arm warmer (sleeves without a shirt)

Mickey Mouse shirts

Long sleeve turtle necks

An overcoat

Those are my clothing preferences. And this is a list of my favorite foods: baklava, rubens, fried mushrooms, fried okra, fried zucchini, cherry cider, sugarless black tea, peach cobbler, baby kosher pickles, guava soda (from Mexico), Chile rellenos, pistachio pudding, peanut butter fudge, pistachios, pretzel bread, potatoes bread, half and half milk, extra sharp cheddar, steak, pork chops, ham, sloppy joes, ball park franks, pizza hut pickets, small totinos pizzas, pizza rolls, baked lays potatoes chips, Frito's, Pringles, black eyed peas, catfish, fried shrimp, cocktail sauce, caramello candy bars, sweet tarts, shock tarts, skittles, milky way, peanut butter m and ms, corn on the cob, Brussels sprouts, artichoke, ribs, and sprite.

AND include my favorite things:

Little green army men, action figures that look like devils, troll dolls, trapper keepers, graph paper, colored pens, stickers- *lots* of stickers, stencils, rubber stamps, board game pieces, foreign bank notes, glow sticks, LCD games, Mickey Mouse items, Final Fantasy items, Vampirella comics, pokemon cards, Magic the Gathering cards, Del Ray published books from the 1980s, miniature figures, green marbles, toy music makers (such as small plastic flutes) lamps that look like plants, such as a lily plant, sleeping bags.

But the greatest of all my Great Ring: size 8, white gold, a tetragram blue sapphire on top, a rose carving on bottom with an L in the middle.

A glow in the dark place, my ideal place. A simply different, though better, place.

Ways to Ensure Your Separation From God

Remember that Ya is a selfish dictator. He *so very* much needs worship. He considers himself so eloquently, poetically, excellently merciful. He is Mercy. He is One. The only – who makes it so that others tremble before him, kept far less, beneath.

He is a mass murderer destroying his own sons and daughters. He has no regard for this. It is his way. He has no one to account to. He is florid, poetic, entrenched in hateful destruction.

A little punishment is not enough- if you do not lick his anus.

Keep into account these things, knowing that those who adhere to him, are, foremost, cowards, lonely reverent cowards whose slightest thought of disobedience is impossible, unjustifiable, unforgivable.

What helped my black mass separation from Ya was to embark, proceed to ask, ask, ask, insist, demand him to give me things and a life of kingly elements. *Make me Anti Christ. Give me honor, prestige, obedience, service, wealth, and sex.*

After all, Ya can do anything. If I asked for the least, and got the same, why shouldn't I ask for the most? But Ya, it appears, is *always absent*. *Gives nothing worthwhile, and His Son is a liar. His Son says my needs would be met-*

And what if it is Satan or Satanic forces giving to me? How am I to know? I certainly don't want to give God credit for something the Devil did!

Besides, why does he need to be acknowledged? Why can't I just have it as is? Salvation, the Christians say, is a free gift. No it isn't. You become a slave to Jesus. They tell themselves to *submit*. *He only saves the pathetic.*

With all these elements at your disposal I am sure you will keep on the right path: away from Ya. *And never read the Holy Bible.*

How to be Satan's Praiseworthy

Here are some sayings that will help you

Leave no stone unturned

Rome Wasn't Built in a Day

The World, be it Your Oyster

Two Heads Are (sometimes) Better Than One

See the Silver Lining in the Cloud

Haste Makes Waste

There is no Accounting for Good Taste

Don't Carry All Your Chicken in One Basket

A Stitch in time Saves Nine

Out of Sight Out of Mind

When in Rome

All Roads Lead to Rome

Curiosity Killed the Cat

Kill Two Birds With One Stone

Don't Throw the Baby out With the Bath Water

People in Glass Houses Shouldn't Throw Stones

Let Sleeping Dogs Lie

HOWEVER THEY MAY HELP IS GOOD. It was Anton LaVey whom I'd first heard say that instead of being a little good at many things, be very good at a few things. Reach for perfection at what you do for the Devil. Spread about many seeds. Do things that if just a short lived firework, do a hell of a show.

Preserve your work, distribute far and wide. Do small jobs here and there but retain focus on your greater work. Don't figure on getting rich. If you plan on becoming a wealthy author, money will not permit the otherwise free distribution of your work.

Satan wants quality, it is for sure. Don't do less than your best unless when doing quickly, you do your best.

Satanists must keep a Satanic perspective, it's not a "given." It can wear down over time from being Satanic to just *even just lightly* appreciating the Satanic.

Prayer, if not always heard, caught and perceived, at least fortified, strengthens your belief, your alliance. *Also that is to say, perhaps, you should scream it to the roof tops, somehow be noticed.*

Remember what you put in, that you get out.

The life of a Satanist should be an egg of pride, a crop beautiful and bountiful. *But those Christian are simpletons, mere worshippers.* Be each other's pride, for Satan- or, I like to say, Prince Lucifer. Toil and rejoice, indulge and salivate in luxury- it is the benefit, the reward, the **prize**, of a Satanist.

Under Satanic Influence

Satanic movies, especially demonic, hellish ones, but any R- rated horror movie, about mass murder, about cults, about witchery- makes a Satanist and keeps Satanic.

As with Satanic music, heavy/death/black, ect., music. Or Satanic books, which, with the advent of self publishing, are widely and easily available. Also, Satanic magazines and Zines. *Zones* are magazines made by a small group, or individual, and also carry the attribute of being rare, valuable.

Even when not absorbing Satanic material, I make what I do *into* Satanic. I simply perceive it that way. Being Godless there is the Satanic twist you can put on myths, such as Odin's venture into Hades to get the runes. *I think that's a myth.*

These things keep the Satanist Satanic.

Christians Are Bullies

What "instigated" the Separation of Church and State was the abusive nature of the Church empowered by it. Historically these abuses were harsh, including violent, brutal, torturous execution of heretics and so-called witches. *Newton* was nearly executed for saying the sun was at the center of the solar system.

So we had here in America, which is a nation that fled from a brutal Church run tyranny, a teacher that scolded, ostracized, angrily a student that wouldn't pray with him.

So his mother, who didn't believe in God, took it to court and went through rough waters while the righteously indignant teacher evoked the fiery wrath of God declaring the little boy should be (forced) to pray.

But when it got to the supreme court better minds prevailed. They established the separation of Church and State.

Christians are bullies. If they had power and rights, they'd destroy everything not strictly Christian. They are a dime a dozen and upon encountering a non believer they are hateful about it and even blatantly resolved to change him/her, when it's none of their business.

They live a life of sorts that the Devil is causing every bit of strife for them and is the one making them think of simple human things like sex. They are sure Jesus is at every turn in their life as the light guiding the way. The way of an entrapped person who thinks God really cares about their little tidbits of moral doings.

He died for you... And you don't care...

Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust

The refrigerator asked the electricity "where do you go when I am turned off?"

Science will tell you, energy and matter are never destroyed, they just change form. Though you may not see what energy is, energy remains- elsewhere, as something changes.

Bristling through the air waves are a myriad of visual phenomena. *We can't see it- not without a certain device.*

And L. Ron Hubbard illustrated well that *you are not your hands or feet, you are not your liver or knees, you are your thoughts.* And he asked that when you are looking at a memory with your eyes closed, what is seeing that?

If one were to take into account the *miracle* of existing – thank goodness it's not as a dog, or shrub, then one would have to consider that existence was not from nought.

If Science was much further advanced, we would have gone past metal spaceships into a mere small item or a contrivance of bio tech that would spur, habilitate space travel- without a *ship*. Science can, given time, advancement, do anything. *It stands to reason, a fountain of youth formula could someday be created, constituted.*

Separation of Medics and State – or Union of Medics and State?

It's a fairly balanced topic. The issue of psychology, let me throw that in too. Seeing all sides, come to your own conclusion.

We are living in a nation more strongly, insistently, pushing, making one receive medical help- psychological medication, especially anti psytropics/ anti- psychotics. Whether or not they endure, withstand terrible side effects- such as slobbering in their sleep, passing out, as I do (I am on Clozaril.)

And I am bound by law to take it.

You *have* to attend, sojourn to a clinic- for anti- psychotics, ant- depressants. *And* you have to do therapy. *And see a physical doctor.* So in my case I'm entrenched in the Medic System.

Currently in this nation you have to have health insurance. And the big heads want you to use it. Whether or not your religion conflicts with receiving medical *attention, employment*, you have to receive it.

Schools are pushing for the engrossment of maximum doctoral conduct, procedures.

In jail and prison there is coming, emerging a larger psychiatric presence. With so many inmates, whether faking, adopting mental illness or not- it's better for them. Psychiatry increasingly emerging in jails and prisons are making the places more like a mental hospital. Psychiatrists are, generally, more caring, empathetic, understanding. So that's good.

What the Wise Have Done

The wise, astute, **far sighted**, have prepared for their future, and secured its well-being, prosperity. *And prosper.* They attended school. They acquired degrees and have good, well paying jobs.

They've invested in business. They didn't squander their money or pawned their belongings. They abided, conformed to the law. They never fell into the bottomless pit of drug dispersion.

A wise, the calculating, have pursued an agenda to boost their quality of life- succeeding creatively, intellectually, and socially.

I say put forth a tenth of your earnings toward a thing that lasts, is forever there for you, that you first do such a thing as writing a book, composing/ writing (or recording a performance of) music, create something that multiplies yet sales, or cull a new website hosted for a year.. *Something that lasts and can be added upon, even something that multiplies itself.*

His Perfect Being

I've seen a vision while laying down in a Mission street park in San Francisco. Across from an antiquated Catholic church, which long ago spread Ya's word as a *mission* in the vicinity. *The vision:*

From the morning "star" fell a black cloud that appeared as a fallen angel, more of a bat than a bird. *That cloud swirled to the west/left transforming into a dragon cloud with horns. It went over the first ray of the sun, somewhere to the west.*

Next, there appeared a white angel cloud looking up at the morning star, not a bat this time, but a bird.

And a black rainbow shaped cloud appeared, and a murder of cross flooded the park, squeaking.

This is the vision I will always know.. Lucifer, the Great, befalling heaven.

Lucifer was Ya's perfect being, lavished and consummate. By all means, Ya's first- a being of *light*, the *light bearer*. **Courier**. May He be known as *light*. He is not Satan. He came down to Satan, from Heaven, as a rebel, insurgent, mutinous. He is an *angel* not a *serpent*. He brings with him incredible, immense *formidable* enlightenment. He changes the tide and imparts, implements the intelligence indevine. Praise Lucifer!

Treasured Worldliness

The world itself is your treasure, and all great things. Only eat what's good, and salivate, indulge a beastly feast. *You're dead now, piggy!* Wallow in the comforts and luxury of Nazia. Derive great things from it.

Behold the new idols, on the StarBucks cup, the Mcd's golden arches, the registered trademarks. May Carl Junior 's rise a twenty by twenty foot Star.. One that plays twinkle twinkle little star, and winks at you, every hour.

Inside the gambling room, or drinking alcohol, at the concert or any place great to be.. Be.

A black candle lit room with music, as my family would do, simply sitting and drinking with discontinuous, occasional random speech.

The world is your oyster, a treasure. Expend less to get more, get toys, nostalgia, relics, sanctimonious trappings, raiment..

Procure from Satan's earth, the earth *Nazia*, His engrained *sin*, *evil*, *iniquity*, *dark obscurity*.

May Satan's earth *Nazia* be a place to bask, revel in the twilight undertone. Perceive the darker side of things (as though Vader or Sidious) and fiddle while Rome burns down. Be satisfied with bad news.

And idolize your possessions.

Satanism as a Movie Script

A good actor envelopes, personifies, her/himself into the character.. *Becomes* that person. It imparts a feeling in who or she is. And it's opulent, sensuous, to the hedonistic.

Perhaps it's all a game. Perhaps we all take the characters we most suitably embody. If qualified- we are that entity, person, presence *already*. But what if the holy bible is a game manual? Is that so difficult to observe, determine, to be?

Are Ya's ways static, so needy, so complicated, cofounded, unmanageable? Maybe Ya is simply playing a game with us and the gods. Or else why would Satan be playing the part of a damning role?

Imagine that Ya made his book- the bible, and that Jesus threw in his own story. That the story is too interesting to resist and that later Satan followed it with *The Koran*.

After all, surely Satan is well versed in advanced culture and science. He could prove out the "truth" or an alien presence to make others think he's the real deal, as a *god, of godly knowledge, which he has*.

But the Koran only contains primitive thought, matter, substance. It really could have been written by anyone. And as such- nothing is given away.

It's a thought I like to think that Satan is the author of all religions and that these things are only a game. If I were Satan I'd have a hell of a good time haunting places and planting himself into the world.

Even if it's not a game, we can make it one. But I believe it is.

Chaos Majic

The Earth itself and biology, in early times, produced a tremendous colossal amount of chaos to push through, to break past death and the void. It was a tremendous amount of force.

But over time that force dissipated, waned.

Now there are those that have fit into a neat system of "care and orderliness" of the earth. The planting of trees is precise, calculated, and base. But the trees are usually the same without an innate struggle to survive.

What the earth really needs is a wide spread enormous amount of seeds. When one particular seed is over planted, it has always proven disastrous. Remember the dust bowl or the potato famine?

Chaos magic is more than biology, however. It also must be present in Soviet, civilization. The Hebrews became negatively, favorably though, entrenched in *God's Word*. They created around it a system of systems of systems. And chaos was ready to burst out like an over flooded dam, which Jesus did, which the founding fathers did, and revolutionaries that couldn't be stuck, detained, constrained.

It's simple: when things settle down and relax, they are off guard and.. Over confident, **complacent**.

Your Church – Or Cult

It is a prize of the diligent, hard working, accomplished and successful Satanist, to establish and keep up a Satanic/Luciferian/Devil Worshipping Church.

It's better that you own your own home, for landlord concerns, petty problems. To have a groundwork for practice, application of – magic, ceremonies, dogma, and, if your book is substantially successful, you've already come most of the way.

What would you and others do in the Satanic Church? What's its value? Comradery is good, a cause, as is solidifying belief, aesthetic vicariousness, Satanic productivity and helping out each other with the same.

The Satanic Panic, a time when Satanists were feared to be operating Satanic cults, calculating kidnapping, ritual sacrifice and such, may never have been. But one can create, design and implement the same. *Fearful, dreadful rumors and the fantasy of baby sacrifices, demonic powers, and black Sabbath communions with Lord Satan Himself*. These can be construed and idealized- at least as a fantasy.

If all you get are like-minded friends out of a Christian ordained or otherwise plain bland atheistic herd, that Alone is worth it. We feel enhanced, supplemented from it, yet doing nothing – yet it still is / they still are.

Contract- Based Anarchy and the Elements of the Wealthy

First a perspective on the quality life of those rich. The rich never drive- others take them wherever they want. A rich person lives in Disneyland, cruise ships, and Hotel luxuries- stepping out the door straight to the busiest, most entertaining areas of town- like their backyard.

They have their own flags for the entertainment excursions, such as Fisherman's WHARF here in San Francisco.

They bathe.. In Jacuzzis. They don't listen to the radio, they're backstage. They're instantly successful, owning or bribing a record company, a publisher. They eat the finest food to live classical music. And most envious to me are those who are going to the Roman coliseum this summer, that is, after they walk among pyramids.

A rich person owns every place. Walt Disney was wise, he created a world within a world, and as much it was others, it was mostly his own.

Anarchy is not really possible. There will always be a bigger, more powerful group dictating, implementing control.

But contract- based anarchy would involve living from corporations. *To be signed to a corporation. To live its constructed, fabricated way.* From what corporation you choose to suit, adhere to, contribute to, would come a piece, even a healthy chunk from.

These corporations will have rules and areas of occupancy for their signed, contracted members. Each area will be its own Law and Order- to some acceptable extent.

It's A place for *you*, and a place for *me*, and a place for *them*.' BUT it's already becoming so- no part of effort is required *from anyone*, enough already are- those that can make it happen, are doing so.

A thing that could be accurately described as such- contract based anarchy, is in broad, widespread application. That so many fewer people are doing much work, certainly as much hard work, group homes have been erected to supply basic needs at a cost, with rent often paid by the government. People there do chores, "get better," adhere to Christian teaching (in the Christian version group home) and are contracted, bound *by contract* to stay, participate.

As for the idea of specific areas catering, bonding to, aligning with a person's desire, preference, inclination of where they want to be, I would be in *CandyLand*. Freedom to stick stickers anywhere, lazy town, aqua bubble gum pop- like. Toy stores, everywhere, game board prices littering the street, a glow in the dark house, the streets glitter, the architecture less bland – Candy Land *and no Children therein*.

My Twelve Names

Coming to know which characters and persons that I most admired, emulated, related to- such as in films and real life, I created the following lists that I called *My Twelve Names*:

Hermes, Vegeta, Lestat, Q

Lisa, Solomon, Lex Luther, Anton LaVey

Palpatine, Prince, Mantrid, Lucifer

Hermes was a messenger of the gods, an angel. He was also the creator of *The Philosopher's Stone* – not the alchemy gold philosopher's stone, the *Philosopher's Stone of Hermes*, a magical premise for humans to use.

Vegeta was a character from the show *Dragon Ball Z*. He was a “warrior prince.” He trained diligently. Because of his pride, he could overcome any malice, detriment. Here is my favorite quote (as well as I could remember.) *Because I wanted him to return me to the way I was before! Because I wanted him to awaken the evil in my heart. I was a perfect warrior, cold and ruthless. I lived by my strength alone, unfettered by petty emotion. But slowly over the years, I became one of you...*

Lestat is the Vampire Prince from Anne Rice's *Vampire Chronicles*. He was well manicured in villainy and had god-like powers. He was wealthy, daring, rule breaking, catered to his appearance, and was vain, but bonded to people, having meaningful companions.

Q.. If I could be any type of thing, entity, being, it would be a god like Q. Q was, literally, a god. He was also witty, funny, arrogant, and someone who judged mankind, testing them, tempting them, and bribing them.

As for Anton LaVey, from him came my better influence that of individuality and a broader and more Satanic perspective. Anton LaVey was a Satanic philosopher of the 20th century. *Except he taught “atheistic Satanism,”* I feel fortunate I yet came out, became again, a devil worshipper.

Lisa (the Lisa from the movie *Girl Interrupted*.) Was a sociopath that had no empathy or compassion. She dwelt, was subjugated to a psych hospital, which she wanted.

Solomon was a person from the bible most rewarded, lavished by Ya. He was at one time an isolator and Devil Worshiper, practicing witchcraft. *No lie*. He was wise, if not too *self righteously wise*, And created, produced, **procured**, an excellent estate- oh, and had hundreds of wives.

Lex Luther- my 7th name. What white man could not admire Lex Luther? The Joker is nutty, the penguin is fat and ugly, the riddler a weirdo, but in the Super Man locale is a more realistic villain, a rich, bald headed, business like man named *Lex Luther*.

Ah, Palpatine, the one from the Star Wars saga, who played the universe like a deck of cards. The one character to contort and manipulate the political system and, turning democracy inside out, became ruler, emperor, of the galaxy. A being truly Satanic, and powerfully so- it's good fantasy.

Prince (from the show *Lexx*- *not* the singer) Prince was a godlike person like Q, but more sinister, impish. He called himself Prince. Not *the prince*, or *the prince of*. He also

called himself Death. And, like Satan, judged the disdainful in the afterlife. No matter how much he died, he just came back

Mantrid, my eleventh name, was a brilliant biotech scientist that came to be biologically fused with an insect. That made him destructive. He nearly destroyed *both* universes (he was also from the show Lexx, and the story evolved around *two* universes.) He commanded arm drones like the Borg (Star Trek) except his were drones of arms-without bodies. His robotic arms destroyed The *Light* universe.

And Lucifer, my twelfth name- Lucifer, Ya's perfect being, ambitious, brilliant, flawless. With a choice between Him and God- I choose to follow and emulate Him. He is enlightenment, a figure of evolution, advancement, progression. And unlike Ya, is not self righteously stuffed up the ass.

The Way People Take

Those that habitually take are accustomed to saying yes -yes, yes, yes, after you tell them *no*. I've encountered many that, after receiving something from you, they immediately want more. They aren't thankful, rather they feel *accomplished, successful*.

It is *your* things they want to take, to **capture**. They'll say or suggest, it's just *a little*. It's just *the least*. If this is so- let them get it themselves. Rather be responsible for yourself, cover yourself and don't think it's your fault, responsibility, duty, to *cover them too* "in winter."

Have the perspective that your things are *yours*, *they* are not *theirs*.

And if a yes or no question is made a yes question, driven, pushed, pressured, it wasn't really a yes or no question to begin with. It's practically robbery.

They say they'll pay you back, much more. But don't. When they've gotten their own supply, their own funds, or cash, they will tell themselves 'I *shouldn't* owe so much,' and 'it's not good, not right to pay back (double, triple) when s/he gave me so *little*.' Besides, maybe it was forgotten.. Or maybe it matters nothing.

They'll demean, debase your lack of charity, feeling that it's owed to them and after hearing many times *no* they'll feel they've failed, that if not just to have something of yours they could at least succeed, or God forbid they won't be so resourceful, magnetic.

Keep saying no, keeping these things in mind.

The Next Generation

What about this currently upcoming, growing generation of kids? It wasn't long ago that music was all love songs. Now they are worldly, sexual, and greedy, ardently aspiring, longing for wealth.

Tech has evolved, progressed, and simplified, and renovated life.

A new moral structure has been babied, nurtured, which instead of stigmatizes sex and traditional sin, stigmatizes, shames smoking, prejudice, sexism, homophobia, and racism.

In the 80s the rebel, the power-element, was the Devil Worshiper. In the 90s, the rap gangster. For some, these days, I can imagine, conceive that terrorism would be the new feared thing, the thing of power, of counter culture, of out weighing the “mundane.” *Not saying it's good, just that it's feasible.*

On the positive side, kids have been taken from a Christian structure, network, into a psychological, behavioral health one. They are being taught better, more effectively.. But always teaching over sensitivity, on the other hand.

I've Traveled the World and the Seven Seas

The passage in the Holy Bible “You are of *your father* the Devil,” indicates, points out that *Devil* is, and is for us, Father. *He was a liar and a murderer* from the beginning, and *the truth* was not in him. When he speaks *of his own*, it is a lie.

You can say you are many things that you aren't or never were, and even if it's unbelievable, it is believable, they don't have proof to the contrary. The more you say it, the more disbelief is deconstructed, the more , the more they can't prove to themselves why you are a liar, maybe it can't be so, maybe it can.

Embellish, like the Legends do, take what's dry, throw in some water, put in some radishes if you like, and present it in a brass bowl with garnish on the side.

After all, that's what the disciples of Jesus did. Or do they remember everything he said decades later? They came across the idea, the contrivance of a good story, which they couldn't resist.

Where did Jesus take a shit? They want to know everything else about him. All in all he was a nut, an unworthy person given special controlling powers who in no way deserved it or was qualified to use it. But He is Ya's little piece of shit precious.

But I digress, somewhat. Actually if you want to lie, go ahead if it works for you. That's all up to you. You can make photo shopped images like some of the people I know. Or say Anton LaVey walked his pet lion in the streets of San Francisco. *Lie for your friends and your heroes.*

Venturing into Hades to Collect the Runes

Odin went into the depths of hell to collect the runes. Bilbo Baggins went into the dragon's den to steal treasure. And I submerged myself into Schizophrenia to pluck out

the most and the most best of what I've come to know and seen. And like Handle and Gretel, would have been doomed if Father Psychiatry didn't Save me.

When at a library, look for the occult (hidden, useful knowledge.) What I've found were ancient language letters from an ancient society submerged in Devil Worship. I used five letters and spelt out AZRIEL on a new "angelic, rather than goat" baphomet.

I looked into which books were the most Satanic, as far as male fantasy books go. I found them to be DelRay books from the 1980s.

An entire book may be dull, useless, but within any book are hidden gems. I found that most Satanic books, certainly the best, are thin.

Psychological tricks, knowing yourself better, the nature of cults, the lost tales of Satanic lives, Satanic philosophy, it's all there, hidden like valuable gems.

There are also the same, hidden Satanic things, in old videos- like from Disney.

It's all around and is a good investment of power, a store house of heavy energies contained until uncovered.

Urban Survival

In today's time it is not likely or practical that you need to survive in the wilderness. If at all, you'd be stranded on the streets, homeless.

What you need, things that keep life bearable, are just a few important items. Lighters, if you smoke, a radio, a sleeping bag, some pens, and batteries.

The radio should be non-digital and one using two double A batteries. Even with very frequent use, two batteries will last three weeks. The pens will allow writing, drawing and, if you can, music composition. That's as a trash author (I outlined that earlier.)

In a big city, make your way to the most populated, nonresidential area. That's where the homeless are, and are most helped, and most allowed. If you smoke, there will always be enough snipes on the ground. You'll have to roll it with trash. But it's not very unhealthy.

Speak to *none!* Don't sell your body and do not take drugs. They all go hand in hand with homelessness, and you'll try to be employed as such. Stop it from ever happening.

And learn to either beg or eat from the garbage, my friend.

Come, Take The Mark

It has been rumored and suggested that a chip placed into people's right hand could make buying easier. Their whole identity, in fact, could be provided, sourced from it, onto daily use of electronics.

We, in worshipping the beast and implanting his mark will make us wealthy and engrossed in the treasures of Nazia. We will live in pleasure and substance, wealth and blessing.

Choosing to do so is choosing, irrefutably, irreversibly, to separate yourself from Ya. It is the last, final thing, you need to do so.

Christ, being as the despicable undeserving person he is, will have all knees to bow down to him. He shares *nothing* of power, he would *never* be the weaker, the lesser, which he is- as of yet- altogether, without the power to revel in unhad "dignity."

A being that wants from you unending worship. A being of which wants itself replicated. More of,). If you are sucked up, engulfed, become His- You'll be a ROCK and not your own!

My Encounters With Satanists

One day I was to bow before the King and Queen. The procession of other Satanists did. I just walked past them, to the feast.

Earlier one night I approached a group of what were yet unknown to me, Satanists, and I was exposed to Satanic philosophy. I was told, finger pointing at me, "We know you are a Satanist!" I'd been drinking from a chalice offered me by a gal among them, handed back and left.

I was approached by the same guy walking down a path and he said, be a devil worshipper. We need you to be a priest. Loosen yourself out of Satanism (by Anton LaVey) he was just a con artist.

I was in an area outside of Clovis, New Mexico.

The following night I laid down to that guy playing well rhythmed bongo drums. A gypsy dancer was dancing in front of me, with tambourines, and I passed out. When I awoke, it was all gone, though no one was ever there.

That man entered back into my life nearly a decade later. I visited his home often and being with him was always like being next to the Devil. He pointed at me and growled, like with a strained vocal cord, as a demon would bark out. *Quit interrupting the news, Adam!"*

I've met Satanists often in my life but when I first saw him he said, "you've just wandered into us, that doesn't happen often."

The Devineless Trinity

SATAN, THE WORLD, AND BEING LOST , That is the unholy, solemnly iniquitous trinity. *Satan is the opposition to Ya's nature, and the substance produced by it. The Works, much like the Tarot, indicates, manufactures choice over pleasure and sensuality, riches and prizes of Nazis earn, apart from Ya, detachment to the spiritual, the godly.*

And being lost is a rapture of pleasure, indulgently submerged in detail, prideful thinking, as hedonism, as in ecstasy.

Mother Nature is Saran

The Light is Lucifer

Jesus is the Water

Ya is Time

This isn't in all ways so, but usually is, and is a reliable framework, if not some of one's own relatable contrivance.

Another Day Another Dollar

Striving for the stars involves relentless pursuit and realization of success. Many people do a lot of nothing to no avail. But doing something again and again, things that are few and far between, needed but rare, will surely bring success.

So many abstract paintings, photographers, singers, composers, game engine programmers, sweepers, and authors. But if you are unique among them, and there is a need for you, you will succeed. It's like being the only Italian restaurant in town.

You are Satanic- do the Devil's work. One thing upon the other until you break through. While one thing is difficult for anyone, or most, to repeat, go the extra mile- be super productive, be the most of any one thing.

Doing so you'll touch the stars. It's true that there's no rest for the wicked- but there's a little, a little time to rest, until you spur back up, i've become complacent, roused back up.

The greater the fortune

Claiming a Name or Title

More accurately: *earning* a new name or title.

When I completed my masterpiece, after six years of diligent, perfectionist writing, I gave myself a new name: Lucifer Jeremy White.

One year I was in a psychiatric facility (mental lockup) a staff member told me to go to my room. I told him to be a man and make me. I tried *making him* throw the first punch. He didn't, so I spat on his face. A fight ensued, he rushed me, striking me in the nose, breaking it, and cracking my skull. I fell to the ground and lost a pint of blood, but immediately rose, and said *I am The Thief*.

One afternoon on the streets of San Francisco I was shouting Satanic rhetoric that angered someone. With his boots he kicked me in the check. I took blood from it and wrote on the sidewalk *Son of Satan*.

One time while homeless I was given a large bag of worthless pennies. Being absolutely unable to use them I flung them in the street and said "*this makes me the Antichrist!*"

And another time there was a cup of dark urine on a wall. I said, "for I was hungry and He gave me shit, for I was thirsty and He gave me piss, this, this is the cup of The Antichrist, " and I drank it.

The Rules of my House

1. No talking for more than two minutes at a time
2. No noise, cell phones with headphones are OK, but not TV
3. Keep the place warm
4. Work creatively for eight hours a day, or else do chores
5. Smoking is permitted, but not drugs or alcohol
6. Only singular visitors no two or more at any time
7. Provide a gift
8. Give me considerate space

What is it With the Number Eight?

Numerogically eight depletes numbers away from it. $8+8$ is sixteen, $1+6$ is seven. $8+8+8$ is 24, and $2+4$ is 6. $8+8+8+8$ is 32, and $3+2$ is five. The more 8's increase, the more its decision of parts decreases.

Eight is.. The number of the final ball in the pool. It is the magic fortune telling ball. It is a game, crazy 8's. Sure it is a lot of things, but it stands out.

Ya's number is seven, Satan's, six, but for what or whom is eight? I've observed that 7 is usually written stricken through, as a cross, to differentiate itself from 1 or 1, and L is like a reversed seven

There is the devil's horn for the Satanist, and a gun L hand for the Luciferian. *And Pluto wasn't really a Disney Character, either.*

There were, possibly, eight planets, if you don't count Pluto.

The musical scale is eight tones, then it repeats.

Offhand, this all reminds me, Jesus may have made Christmas, but Satan made Santa Christmas, and Easter the bunnies. Halloween, however, is exclusively his.

Without Sexual Suppression you are Perverted

For a person that holds himself back, he is titillated by the small things. He hasn't ventured into the increasingly worse. Forbidden fruit hasn't for him become a feast, his diet is yet satisfied with the familiar.

But the one who *pursues* the forbidden finds no end. Wouldn't it be great if he could *take* his pleasure?

One that's not looking at butt after butt, without restriction, no longer is sexually stimulated by them. But the one that has done for long, that one has worn it out.

Someone that masturbates every day, takes longer, yet with less intensity. But the one who does so less, cums more quickly, more powerfully.

So the sexually refrained, sensitive, repressive, are more sexually healthy, not less.

Childishness

An adult child is unlike a child child. An adult who is inherently childish has an adult brain. As we get older, our tastes transform, flip- flop. I used to enjoy just about any video game, but now, I only enjoy leisurely games, games that don't go from level to level but can be beaten in one sitting (sports, card, gambling, puzzle games.)

I retrieve things from my childhood. If I had only known how very much of it I could now have. A SEGA genesis with 80 built in games, and wireless controllers, is now thousands of dollars cheaper, 80 bucks.

It seems our childhood ways grew up with us, meaning, my generation always wanted to make video games, now, with something like Mario Level Maker, or Hyrule Magic we can.

Candy is cheaper. I created something I call Taste Magic, and it's fun using Skittles. Each cold represents something else. Twelve sided dice are fun, for deviation, and playing cards can spark imagination.

I sometimes walk childishly, talk childishly, and think childishly, but unless it's unintentional, it's no good.

Personality Snatching and Possession

Being around “Schizophrenic” people often, I came to understand them as being possessed. *Schizophrenia is not having multiple personalities, that's a misnomer.* One trait feature of Schizophrenia is auditory hallucinations, “voices.” *And they usually make its object, proprietor, sound demonic.* They emit sounds like growls and demons, because they are *speaking demons.*

I’ve heard things such as a woman pleading “leave me!” And people carrying on long, detailed conversations with them (there demon) inasmuch that they seldom sleep.

I’ve heard voices, spirits, *angels.* Once I awoke, homeless, beside a bench, and there was food beside me. I heard an angel say “I hope he likes it!” other than dialog, usually commenting on me, or observing me humorously, there have been repetitive statements. Which were: *Lucifer has spoken, he's a wise guy, the Devil's his master, Is this the guy that never breaks the law, the Devil's coming to get me, and he's the Anti.*

Personality Snatching:

This is relatable to possession, maybe confused, addled, muddled with it, but it’s not (possession.)

This is a pleasurable, provocative, stimulating, gratifying, hellishly enjoyable affair. It's when you personify, exemplify, materialize, **manifest**, an entity, state, notional phantom, notional imaginary being, or a real person.. *When you put on different personalities complete with accent, demeanor, and mentality.*

It is pleasurable, provocative, stimulating, gratifying, hellishly. *One moment you're a detective, roused to action, with a case on your hand and the next, you're a little demon guy like from Ghoulies enjoying Master Satan's food.*

I call it personality snatching and it feels wonderful.

Those if the Five Planets

It has been revealed to me, in the stars, and manifestation of its actuality, that the universe, truly being without boundaries, has every instance of every conceivable place and situation. The universe *has to* because its space must be filled in all ways.

That means what you imagine, or what others imagine is there, out in space, somewhere. It also means if you imagine, with faith, belief that they can hear you, and that you can hear them, then it is so.

Just think, out there exists a Star Wars, Star Trek, or some instance, actually all, and every possible variation of, R.L. Salvatore “fiction.”

Knowing this I culled up five planets. Share them with me:

Link- a planet decidedly unscientific, decidedly kept behind. A medieval place where modern science is not. A place of hot air balloons, camp fires, and live music and a place at which Satan may Rome, along with Pippy.

Pippy- a planet wicked, of witchery, bizarre, Gothic, and dark, but not evil.

Ler- an evil place. Unimaginably so.

Sephra (Sephrair.) Is a place that resembles the likeness of the show *LazyTown*, or like the band *Aqua*. There, toy stores are everywhere, as are candy stores. You can stick stickers *anywhere*, and architecture is much more imaginative, such as having glow in the dark paint. In Sephrair, glitter paves the road.

And Orion- It has childish people usually engrossed in films and music videos. They are incredibly scientifically advanced. Their defense system, called Stix, are rods of any size from a needle to a massive column, and these, as though magically, can form *anything* to protect them.

Those are my five planets. These are also a blueprint of what I want from Nazis (The Devil's Earth.)

Jesus Power

Jesus' power is not so miraculous, these days. *He gave sight to the blind.* We are about there. We can correct blurry vision with laser light and are beginning to devise electronic eye balls.

Many seemingly dead are brought back into the flesh, these days.

Jesus walked on water. Man flies in the air. What we need, and even soon enough will be, is the ability to walk on air.

Jesus' words were heard by so many. And one on twitter, too.

Ya said let there be light, and we clap to let there be light.

Jesus couldn't sleep.

Jesus fed food to a thousand. Modern science can make meat in the lab.

Christians live forever in the spirit. Scientists will make immortality in the flesh a reality.

Christians speak in tongues, My Google translator does, too.

My Music Composition Techniques

The first composition method I devised I call *The Dark Form*. It has three lines, the first is a very quick, repetitive rhythm. The second line has contrasting dissonant and consonant chords, and the third a perpetually flowing melody for "atmosphere." It was the closest I could come to emulating death metal, but it came out as its own thing.

My second method, and my best, musical composition technique I call *The Tonal Triad Method*," which is to emphasize, with frequency, duration, or repetition, the notes of the scales triad in which you are composing.

So in C Major, the notes C, E, G. Or in A minor, the notes A, C, E, Are emphasized. Doing so, anything you perform or play will be pleasantly tonal.

And my third and final thing I concocted was a novel idea to write several one line melodies or chords that the performers can play in any order, making a few melodies into several possible performances.

But *please* don't be like the modern classical composers atonal and haywire, not understandable.

The Devil's Reincarnate

Nietzsche was an atheistic Satanist who boldly stated "GOD IS DEAD," He was ravished by Ya into insanity, from which he delved into, without returning. The Devils, though, in keeping, establishing, and rewarding him, preserved him until a *Führer* purpose could be enacted, embodied through him.

His appearance was modified, altered into a new one, that is Hitler's, which he became. He had the right mind, the right mentality to play the part, and to play it none the better.

This was already divulged, subtlety, carefully, in the prophecy of Nostradamus. He stated there was coming a great dictator, ruler, named *Hister..* Which may sound incorrect, but wasn't. It was merely a contortion, reconstruction. *Hit..Ler, Him..Ler, and His, as in His, the Devil, The Devil's Hitler.*

The Roman Colosseum made sense. The Christians being thrown into a lion's den, it made sense. It still does (and their time of privilege is coming to an end.) And too Hitler's actions, stratagem, did. *As in regard to Exodus and taking and keeping their God-given land.*

Plants, Seeds, and Food

God used to spend a lot of time on Earth. Correctly translated the book of Genesis states "and the earth *became* void and barren." And I can add the line, " In the beginning a bird, perhaps a Terri dactyl, was in distress," And Noah didn't travel from Israel to Israel.

Ya liked feeding the birds during the earlier development of their brains. In fact, from one bird came many different kinds of birds, due to the way he trained them.

Ya would play around with weeds and plants and it changed them, and not so uneasily, they were in their earlier stages of compiling, **constituting**, their brains, genes, and DNA.

The fallen angels, or more accurately the infernal aliens, planted upon the Earth carcasses of Dinosaurs, and some that were yet still alive. And these aliens copulated with early humans, and a race of giants came from there.

And when that could no longer be, they shaped, constructed ordinary people into Satanists, such as Sigmund Freud, or in some instances spurred the likes of Thomas Edison, advancing and facilitating advancement.

Some Blasphemous Satanic Jokes

Hey Satan where'd you come from?

-From walking up and down and traveling in space ships

Hey have you considered my servant Job and how worshipful he is of me?

- Yeah but if you kill off his family and take away his livestock he'll curse you!

So here is what you do, Satan, kill off his family and take away his livestock and he'll still worship me, you'll see!

- OK I'm going to do that!

- Boom boom kabity boom, kill off Job's family and burn his live stock down

... *I love my God, my God is the greatest God and I worship him forever!*

- You know what, God? He's still worshipping you!

They Don't Know the Color of my Farts

The green fart comes up to me

- Can I smell your green fart?

My farts aren't green, and please don't smell my farts

Then the blue fart comes up to me

- Can I smell your blue farts?

My farts don't have a color and please don't smell my farts

Then off they go, bumping into each other

- I smell his green blue farts!

- I smell his blue green farts!

Jesus Shits

And the erg, o

Awwluve brantch

And the new fig treee

Are you writing thisss down, decipless?

Speaking in Tongues

Jeba Deba Cuta

Jeba Deba Guta

Jeba Deba Muda

Jeba Deba Muda Buda Muda

Kitty

Whats us Kitties supposed to eat all dey anyway? *Don't* break me off a price of that Kit-Kat bar, they're not *Grrrate*, and if I eat another Cheetos I'm gonna puke!

What you bitches got against us kitties anyway? All we do is lay around all dey. It's not like you eat!

What's us kitties supposed to watch all dey, anyway? Snagglepuss? Pink Panther? Wizard of OZ, Alice and Wonderland? Sylvester? I'm not going to watch Top Cat all Dey.

All I need is another kitty to play my mouse trap with.

The Nothing

Nothing's on his way!

- There's no such thing as a nothing, that's ridiculous!
I'm telling you he's on his way and I'm outta here!
I'm on my wish dragon Satan, fall into the bottom of the sea with my rainbow necklace, come to shore, there's The Wolf
- I have been *sent* from the *Nothing* to keep you from destroying the Nothing

He's my demons,
I stab him to death with a dagger
Dagger dagger dagger!
I kill him

The Nothing is gone, phantasia anew and my goodness!
-I name you *Adam*

I name you taken!

And a Satanic Chant

Do the shake
Do the shake do the wake
Do the Hippy-shake

Daylight com, Mon, me wanna go *home*
Is a day is a day is a Dayayayul!

The Privileged-Disabled Upper Middle Class

Certainly the lower class is now the upper middle class. These are those, often as a mandate, taken SSI income, from the American Government. It is good money to live on, considering prices for the disabled, mentally ill, elderly, are cheaper.

They not only have free money but cheaper prices. HUD covers most of their rent, as do treatment facilities, and there are even places, such as here in San Francisco, that furnish free rent for a year.

Lyheap pays some of the energy bills. Medicaid pays all needed medical bills.

Transportation by bus is free, to use whenever, for the legally disabled. They run from stop to stop about every five minutes.

Treatment facilities provide free food, as does SNAP. And treatment facility food is a luxury, with items such as cherries and BBQ ribs. And too they take their clients to museums, sometimes with donated money, and donated shoes, like by Nike. *And* free coffee at restaurants.

The elderly and disabled even get front seats. The mentally Ill/crazy, even psychotic persons, live well in rich cities that the middle class could never venture into.

With so many people getting such assistance from the government, whether or not they deserve it, the lower class may in the future entirely be invested, procured by the government.

The Expulsion of Satanism

It used to be that merely stating that you were a Satanist could have dire consequences. And before that it could call for your execution. To be Christian is praiseworthy, honorable and for so long Christians ruled the roost. That's not so much the same.

They, the Christian, carried a higher status quo, for a long time, and, I hope, are sensing danger in the woods. Where is my honor, my wise saying? They feel *of course I'm right*. But the door is being slammed on them at every turn.

They demean and rough house Satanists, still having enough self procured "righteous right" to do so. But a fire is starting and is growing out of control, one of which we can dance and trod on them, the Christian.

You think *you* have the *right* to erect a Satanic idol in the middle of town. But what happens if this multiplies and instead of burning a book rare are making nothing a difference, and eBooks they can't do a damn thing to?

The Christian's time is being pushed aside. *They'll* be unacceptable deviants from here on and forced to hide their faith. Mind you, that faith has corrupted and corroded Man's thinking and dignity for millennia.

When the Beast comes, they will have it handed firmly to them: Unless you take the mark, you Christian, you *cannot* buy or sell *anything*.

Selling Your Soul

If you are serious and persistent in selling your soul, and offer it delgently enough to have your proposition noticed, to the greater effect of these, it will certainly be sold, even by lesser extent of this.

But whether or not it is, there is something more essential, and that is consecrating yourself into Satanic purpose. Ask to be guided into His purpose and meditate, deviously, on the matter, often. Be submerged, entrenched into the underlying theme of your purpose. Live to serve the purpose between you and He, as a creature, beast, demon or monster of iniquity.

As for selling your soul: I can say for myself that I successfully sold my own. Having presented it concurrently, persistently over some time. And I incorporated magic into the cause of the same. I asked to be in a Satanic cult and proof of an afterlife, to see Satan himself and be exposed to demonic forces, and, though it took a few years, they enveloped, came to be.

The Worthy Satanic Elite

I'm sure it's easy to aspire to warrior status of the Satanic, even to already, inherently calculate, equate yourself that way, but only the deserving deserve.

Those that are like martyrs of Satanism are like diamonds in the sky. They have busted forth a life, a satanic force of life, of intolerance and readiness to conquer, not be conquered.

I'm talking about defending oneself, ruthlessly, those that tread upon you, without cause. You can take it and be taken by it, as being their subjugated, demeaned, or you can not excuse it, destroying your form.

It's not specifically for Satanism so much as of Satanism, but it represents what is Satanic. If not judged by them- judged by the judge. Who's judge do you choose?

A Place Hidden

Satanic worship is best performed, executed and successful, rewarding and easier, more palatable, in a hidden, isolated area: a cave, a secluded abandoned home, in the woods, or as it has been for me, a cave.

The energies are more peaceful, better, more thickly emitted and drawn within, and less diluted that way.

You have more privacy and as is an important component to magic, may be more uninhibited.

There is less interference. The energies and magically constituted aura glues onto the magic tools you impart your own power into. It is not good when a magician's magic tools are seen. The seer connects with them.

Isolation makes an environment conducive to a good working of magic but also isolation makes one a Satanist- Satanists are individualist and holiness is a herd-like construct.

When we are alone we face and conquer, master, our demons. Most people could not ever bear such a "malady." But to become yourself, you have to be alone with yourself.

The Best Five Scientific Causes

- 1- AI and robotics. When these reach enough growth, the difficult, strenuous tasks and toils of people will be supplemented, and eventually overtaken by them. Humans will be left with their own agendas, their preferred tasks, creative output. *Androids have no reason and certainly no collectively sustained cause to destroy all mankind.*
- 2- Instant or accelerated food development. It may be far away yet to poof up food as in a Trekan replicator. But there are other options applicable causing the same result. *Such as accelerated seed growth, or food souring forth quickly in a lab.*
- 3- *A fountain of youth.* It may seem impossible to you, but in the thinking minds of brilliant scientists it is feasible, and coming into reality. Things such as cellular

renewal and restructuring human flesh chemically, will someday lead to immortality.

- 4- Electronic- shield suits. Imagine a suit around you that's an electronic collection of waves and solid colored shields. I'm thinking of one that keeps you warm or cool- that's temperature controlled. This suit could make you fly or carry things on you weightlessly. This suit could also protect you against aggressive people. It could turn into your cover, your bed, your transportation.
- 5- Ring tech. We've gone from the PC to the laptop, from the laptop to the cell phone, from the cell phone, perhaps, to the watch, but what could be further than "magic" rings? They are always on you, can be arranged or switched around for different effects. They can put a holographic interface right in front of your palm.

The good thing is, science will get there. We have a lot to look forward to.

General Topics

One could imagine, terrorists could bombard our nation with bombs, but who would have predicted that Americans themselves would inspire from them the same? What kind of meaningless society do we live in that induces the same?

With other matters, America is a democracy. Being as such, and as well as much, its citizens will fight for their freedom. If a dictator crept in, and a person's freedom was suddenly stripped, they wouldn't permit it. But of those destitute and crippled and shackled by oppression, save fear alone they would not fight for dictator.

Open acceptance of all people of all kinds is good in that a person, having so much broad choice, can tailor to their individuality. But where it is a bible belt, or such restriction, to deviate from the norm is to herbage unpleasant reconciliation. In a highly populated, diverse and much immigrated to place such as San Francisco, there are so many differences that anything is normal.

America is the place from which comes every great thing. The list is inexhaustible. *The internet, TV, radio, the computer, SEGA, Mickey Mouse, films, the steam engine, generates, Star Wars, Disney, Scientology, Latter Day Saints, The Church of Satan & the origin of Satanic Churches, Satanic music, the proliferation of vehicular transportation, Santa Clause, Easter Bunny, Halloween as we have it, the light bulb, phone, and electricity.*

Those things that are top for us of one, older, generation may seem like a must and undeniable thing. But the newer generation may not, and what *they* want, decides what is popularly used. For example, Myspace becoming Facebook or the fact that *their* Ninja

Turtles aren't up to par as *our* Ninja Turtles were to us. *And our Ninja Turtles for them are not the same for them as for us, as was in our own time- which is not their time.*

What I like is that when my generation became adults, we adapted to recreate and make entirely new games for our old video game systems. For example new Mega Man games for the NES. As well there are newly made NES consoles- since Nintendo released their patent on it. New game boys are being produced, as are most of the old systems, bringing back to life with much vigor things of an otherwise dead generation.

My Satanic flag would be a proportionate, not Christian, cross having on every corner an inverted pentagram.

I once took pennies from a wishing well.

Satanic graffiti is next to never seen. How about a movie that has alien ships blotting in black ink and an upside down cross? Or a movie that takes 60s science fiction movies into an updated seem. Like "the giant radioactive bubble from space."

American rights slowly emerged as freedom tiptoed in. It turned out to become very Satanic. It used to be apart from an R rated VHS you could not hear simple cussing. If you were fortunate you had a few x rated tapes. But now anything can be seen or heard, online. The right people fought for internet freedom early on, and succeeded. It was almost undone when a video emerged called "two girls, one cup (of diarrhea) that's *not* pleasant! But it was ever unheard of. The least of that says the most for Satanism being acceptable.

America was the first nation to uphold the weak and disabled. It used to be that only whites were in the front of the bus. Now, it's the elderly. This topic was explored earlier, but I can add that is an attribute, not a vice! *Though some forms of Satanism say might should make right.* The weak are no harm to you.

Currently the 80s have been the most Satanic of American times. With sorcery cartoon characters, such as Smurfs and He-Man, with Devil Worshipping music, Del Ray 1980s books were the most Satanic as of yet. And most horror movies revolved around Devils, demons, witches, warlocks, and Devil. *Still to this day the most Satanic time was the 80s. But it isn't really gone, any one can enjoy what was from then.*

Satanic music doesn't have to be Metal. Rap music, and it would be good as, can be, Satanic. So can pop, or pop metal. Being that not *everything* in my life doesn't have to be Satanic, I thoroughly enjoy Bubble Pop stuff, such as Kazy Town and Aqua. These are a unique Scandinavian candy, sticker, toy phenomenon. I'd love its widespread availability. If I constructed a Total Environment, it would be CandyLand.

When everything is different everything's the same- there is *not enough* of a difference. But some things are intrinsic to most- as for me I *hate* coffee, I *hate* rap, I *hate* abstract art,

I *hate* exercise and I *hate* eggs. Eggs- isn't that a bird's period? And Lobster doesn't look good- it looks like a bottom feeding cockroach.

Plasma TVs almost work magic, that's why I like them over the newest TV incarnation: LED televisions. The best use of electronics encompass either light or water. The best we can do as of yet with signal transmission is using fiber-optics. That came from metal (Earth.) Steam engines could be so very much more useful if developed further. And by water it can be generalized into meaning fluids.

Life is from a seed, and like any other seed, to germinate it causes life. The scientist that knows this should direct their attention to what would be the consciously living seed within an android/cybernetics. A seed only has to germinate in a way conducive to sprouting forth life. It can be a *wholly new* seed to the germination process. But importantly, divulge the way that the seed is life itself.

I conceptualize the hundred fold process of an AI examining twenty grids, twenty sounds, twenty sights, twenty environments and twenty memories to establish one solid state.

A ring-mouse. A thumb stick keyboard, colored light buttons on a controller, a four thumbstick keyboard- though would take practice, would become an easier, faster way to type; a return to free coded gaming consoles (having it possible to have every game on it); a return to cart based games; It's a glow in the dark system. *Maybe people don't want to jump into the Wii.*

My idea for a commercial:

There is a dancing flame

A voice says "*hahaha! We're back!*

A bolt of lightning, a quick flash

Scene of two hot Asian girls pointing at the new *Segasis* and they point at their open mouth

Cut to a scene of a burning house, in front of which a little girl throws a popular gaming system into the fire

Voice says it was *trash*

Then a flame again and a dying out fading moaning of demons sound saying SEGA... SEGA... SEGA

How to Write the Perfect Snail Mail

- 1- Include something. Something freely included in shipping. Such as stickers, the kind they'd like. Or foreign currency/ bank notes. You could include anything slim, small, and light, such as *pogs*. If you include collectable coins, attach them with a light layer of rubber cement. They're easily detachable that way, won't make a jingle, or disbalance the letter.
- 2- Use graph paper. Your letters will be proportionate, and it busts looks cool.
- 3- Cover much of the letter in stickers, such as stars around the name. Seal the letters with stickers, one good way being holographic stickers.
- 4- Use color pens and write out the letter like a rainbow. Bic has multi-colored pens in a pack that includes light and dark green, red, pink, blue, baby blue, purple, and black.
- 5- Only write the letter on one page if one side of the page. It won't be in the least boring that way.

It makes the best letters for friends and family, and helps the post office.

Prayers to Devil Satan and Ya

I pray for Honor, Prestige, Service, Wealth, Obedience, and Sex.

I pray to be renowned. For the outstanding success of my writings. That my family will stay with me. To be the Son of Satan, Lucifer, in as well that Jesus was the son of Ya.

I pray to be the AntiChrist, whose image is worshipped. That my people of perfect sense always be with me.

To forever be with Satan and his arch angels,

And to have with me always, comfort, joy, exhilaration, good music, and good food.

And finally I pray, for life everlasting, and to be everything Lucifer.

Hales-Nema, Ahmen Amen, so noted in memory forever.

If it's Good, it's Satanic

If it's good, it's Satanic. *But God has made us suffer from it.* You can either live a long, gray, unfulfilling, unsatisfactory life, carefully measuring out space elegant sugar, or you can live a possibly short her, grand, satisfying life

But Ya punishes the sinner. He had made us in ways that pleasurable things can be detrimental. The physical body is very much immune and adaptable, but Ya freely makes the sinner ill, in hijacking it.

Those that worry themselves into illness, don't have psychosomatic issues. They warn themselves and foster a sensitivity to menial things. It may be that these things studied to diminish health- don't.

Scientists are "right" for a hundred years with proof irrefutable, then come along a few that prove them wrong, entirely, or take a blown up story and pop it.

There's simply no time to fret over insignificant, petty matters, and those that do actually don't live any longer than others.

If it's good- it's Satanic.

Super-Visualization

A song, although about a few particular things, can be transformed into your own meaning, whether slight or drastic.

Candy, especially something like skittles, enhance visualization magic.

Visualization should be imaginative, leading to places and thoughts that "feel good."

With all that said, here are some examples of my visualization:

I imagine a pyramid and eye, such as that of money alongside, raining down in my life. I imagine a crown, falling down upon my head, dubbed by evil. I imagine angels choosing to serve me. I imagine the slaughter, even consumption of Ya. I see simple, singular things imaginatively roaming, such as stars. I imagine conflict and war, and I imagine goats and other elements of Devil Worship.

Running Away

There are many people who set aside the better things of life, things that are meaningless to them, and pursue destruction of any one who would do no less than succumb to their will.

They pursue the best complaint (to law, to regulation) that would seemingly endow their dominance over them or it. They exaggerate, embellish a problem "unresolved," seeking to dominate everything.

Their parents *are abusive*, the teacher is *too* strict.

The best thing for such a person is discussion, separation, separation from those doing well, doing as they should, those with generous politeness and respect. Being separated, as many times it takes, to render their misappropriated destructive magic useless.

Hidden Treasures

Late in life I had adapted a taste different from the mundane. I liked expensive things or needless collections. Then, somehow, my eyes opened to simpler things

I started liking, for example, mini diecast Colt 45 toys, glow in the dark star stickers, bear mace, playboys of forgotten celebrity Jenny McCarthy, 12-sided dice, while cargo pants, pocket radios and cheaper electronics, troll dolls, Mickey Mouse items.

These things are easily gotten, and very cheap, such as on EBay, and actually are not as stimulating as a large TV. I used to desire a big TV, then I had a cell phone, and am fine with its small, private, YouTube loaded screen.

These days simpler things are better, and *are* better, to most people. A whole childhood can be roused up, thanks to internet shopping. Not at a bad price, with adult finances. You kind of like just having these things around.

Resurfacing and “Inventing” the Past

It is done often, taking what was already done, things mostly forgotten, and done again. Entire scores of previously conceived things can be recompiled and brought forth.

Video game makers do it all the time, whether on a small or large scale. Film makers have, lately, been doing it tirelessly. The days of three sequel movies have passed. Movies once thought done and gone- aren't.

As CGI progresses, we are sure to see fake celebrity porn, whether of past or current stars.

- Baklava may be for many foods never had, but with a different name and a little tweak here, a little tweak there, its spurious brilliance.

You can learn a lot from the past to determine the likelihood of an event, reward, benefit or consequence. You can succeed well in recreating the past. You can stimulate the works with your reincarnation of the past. And you can enjoy, more simply, a recurrence of an old idea, again, again, and again.

Power and Status

Those that have power are afraid of losing it, in the words of Palpatine- known by many. If a leader, dictator, has surmounted a powerful presence and is refuted by any within, or without- is brazen by opposition, will promptly act to consecrate his position.

Once you're the best, even for a short time, you become impossibly the least, by your perception. But so often do these retain prestige only by name sake, and the superiority of your product, your doing, has been spent. But only by namesake are you none the more better.

But there are those who simply have an exemplary way of thinking, that *their* way is simply superior. But that is usually outside of political issues.

A doctor, a scientist, will defend their position tooth and nail. They will find *some way, any way* to be right- and will cling to their perceived incorrection assuming they are *somehow* falsely mistaken. Einstein himself was a part of this syndrome.

The Nintendo Mario Bros creator did not like Donkey Kong Country- but most who played it thoroughly enjoyed it.

People retain what are really insignificant facts about things of there's: They are the oldest (), they reached the furthest (), could've been one of many thousand possible records, or something that only *they do* or inky *they've* done.

The richest, the oldest, the first, the last, the "greatest," the fastest, the only, or, the biggest eyesore of them all: Those with sports records- *hit the ball the most, threw it in a hoop the most, ran it past others the most*, and so on. These things don't edit pride and heightened status.

A clergy member: are they in any way better, in *any* way? Is what they do any more honorable- the monk who starves her/himself- than a person already starving? Or, is an intellectually drained Buddhist any better than the person relinquishing depression with the help of a counselor?

But the people most loved do the simplest things: deliver your mail, hook up your cable, transport you via bus or taxi, cook your meal at a restaurant, and check out your shopping items.

As for me, I write. I supply the most that way- more than the eye catching, see it once, painting, more than the songs, that don't teach as much, nowhere nearly so. I expend so much more of myself by writing.

Good Things People Have Told Me

Can I worship you? Can I pray to you? You're the Devil! I saw a vision of you, Adam, you were in hell laughing, and later crying. Have you been pretending to be Jesus,

lately, Adam? Adam, you need to fall asleep! I call you Mister-A. A snake feels the same way.

I would just let sleeping dogs lie. You're a survivor, Adam. It just goes to show you, you can do anything you put your mind to. Your strength inspires me. You're too intelligent to be homeless.

Where Demons Abide

Some demons dwell underground, prone to earthquakes. In fact a wealthy Jewish man in San Francisco sought to turn it into an elaborate Mecca. And from that Lord Satan burst up from unto the Earth proclaiming "*Free at last!* "

That being the 1906 fire and earthquake of San Francisco, of which the Jehova Witnesses were just slightly off.

Demons are *under pressure, capped below these areas.*

When you are alone you are all the more noticed by demons and expunge the Dark Force. And demons most often rest and abide in areas that are isolated. And each type of environment- a desert, the woods, forest, each carry a type of demonic spirit.

There are places which *feel* special and evocative, where demons likely are. I recollect a small isolated lighthouse at the end of a board walk beside the ocean, in which I communicated with a demon. He taught me that he wanted to do good, but not on Ya's terms. So he sometimes thinks of luring in a war here. But Ya will not coincide with his agenda. The Demon's name was Cicler.

And another demon I visited a few times, being trapped in an area he was, was always raging, day and night, looking for something he lost, in one room, to no end.

Satanic Revelry

A holiday could very well be construed that's revelry in pride: pride not of race or nationality, but of oneself. Easter can be inverted into a sexual exploration venture. That every one has a good chance of having sex would make a better and more Pagan ritual.

Christmas could be twerked into a two week process of productivity, as you do the best thing you can do, invest in your future- or this could be new years eve, or finished then. *Or* a new day consisting of that. Otherwise Christmas could be a celebration of your dead heroes with gifts correlating to her/him.

Independence day could be a day to invigorate a militant persona, fighting for or aggrandizing your Satanic rights and place on Earth- or a revelry, a celebration of Separation of Church and State. *Or all of these.*

Halloween needs little change, however, except that it should engross its participant in iniquity- more of a satanic, demonic personification of evil and ruse of destruction- a plotting of the overtaking of Ya. There's candy, there's party favor toys, there's a horror movie not with popcorn but candy form. And it's a time I'm entrenched in diabolical music.

The concept here is to take a traditional holiday and make it Satanic. That's done by supplementing its theme with a Satanic one, and perhaps inverting the nature of the holiday with inclusion and eminence of Satan *and you*.

The Devil's Tools

THE WAND

The wand, if it is to be magically effective, must be straight from the branch of a tree. With a ribbon, or any creative way, tie/wrap/glue onto it any kind of crystal- particularly effective are blue quartz and rose quartz.

THE STONE

The stone is to be infused, through emotion. Their traditional uses, with dispensing later contradictions, tell of the ways they may be used. Place them inside a doll (any doll, or a devil-doll) It will be the "spiritual heart" of it. You can also incorporate it into a demon-looking action figure.

THE CADLE

Consider the candle your "infernal light," the light of hell, that life dances around it, and dances the same way. Pray into the candle, and it will burn "to above," as 'as below, so above.'" – but this being up-up-up. Feel the heat of the candle and put both hands together to pray,- to Satan, a demon.

THE WITCH'S BROOM

Those invited to the Sabbat ride upon a broom to meet their master, The Goat. First it is that you commune with The Goats. As in- a meeting of the six goats. And before that, you must be so allured as to receive the mark of the Beast swiped, by a "stranger," onto your forehead: that means the Demonic Beings have taken you in with them of which few are worthy.

THE MIRROR

The Devil's Mirror. You are to see as well as possible, not as you see yourself in the mirror but rather as others do. When you do this well enough you can replace your image with the Devil's. Seeing yourself as him, and inside you he will come. Then, one can only imagine what evil is seen- once I've seen myself as a goblin looking puppet (which Satan looks like a red goblin sometimes. Actually Satan's true appearance is the Hebraic symbol on the south west corner of the Baphomet, and those letters represent how he evolved.

THE DRINK

The consumption of a drink- anything from tea to grape, cherry cider, is to be slowly drunk, alluding to a feeling of relaxation and peace. During this tranquil feeling, meditate on thoughts of success, or any pleasant thought. The container so much does not matter- but it can only help, and distinctly separate normal drinking from magical drinking. Meditate with the chant 'my blood is blue.'

Also there is the magical execution of thought development per drink- My favorite being that per drink, from A to Z, a favorite scene, which We call a , "Textural," from a video game, show, cartoon, or movie.

Otherwise per drink, you can think of memories from A to Z, or more simply a word within a theme from A to Z (alphabets supply structure and formity.) The Hole is a lonely place to be.

THE DICE

Used for deviation as demonic forces can easily manipulate where it lands. In fact it's the reason why many win or lose the game Dungeons and Dragons. Use a twelve sided die or dice, and dice containing pictures (that are usually six sided.) Formulate what each number or image represents and get to rolling.

THE POUCH ON THE ALTAR

One being I worship, the notorious false Saint named Santa Muerte, desires gifts. Santa Muerte is really just a hidden incarnation of Satan- to worship Santa Muerte is to worship Satan. Coinciding with prayers and wishes, take a pouch and place inside gifts, putting it below the altar.

THE RING

The ring may be inexpensive. The ring represents your marriage into the world. Carry it for a while with the promise of enjoying Devil's Earth (Nazia.) Then take the ring off and put it in a place of the world hidden. You will draw in magic and fortify a marriage to Nazia. Otherwise (in a different use) rings serve as a reminder of your promises (as to Satan, or archangels) , your commitment, or to keep your mind on your Satanic path-takings.

THE GREEN MARBLE, OR, THE BLACK ORB

Using home made play dough, which is equal parts salt, water, and flour, form a white orb. Then, using either grape kool aid or a mix of food dies producing black, blacken it. Hold it in hand, raise it up and state: "Envious, Envious, Here is my Watcher." Dance with the orb until you feel invigorated and ecstatic, fusing within it life.

As for s green marble, grasp it often as a component of power that's a part, as one with you. As though it is a piece of you, and sustains, preserves you.

THE PEN

Consider that what you write is read by the angels, demons, and known by Ya and Satan, and lasts forever. If you are a repairable Satanist, so it does. Leave such qtitinfs around, viewable, with the request, even from Ya, to have them read.

You can also create new symbols. It was revealed to me they are liked when one magically appeared to me on paper (apart from my own hand) that being a Muslim/Islamic crescent moon looking downward at an Israeli star/ Star of David.

THE SMALL, BASIC DICTIONARY

Using a small, basic dictionary, view random words that have you remember things. For example, seeing the words pencil, book, bicycle, game, each word reminds you of these things in your life, such as your first bike, or a board game from grandma's house. Doing this routinely, every day, you would remember practically everything in your life, and would be the most outstanding magic you ever worked!

It is to pursue the knowledge of self and concentrate, keep, otherwise lost portions of the soul.

THE CLOAK, OR BLANKETING OVERCOAT

While wrapped in a cloak or overcoat, conceptualize yourself inside the wings of a demon, that the outside of which wages a war, and on the inside is protection and comfort in which you are until "the dust settles."

THE THRONE

The throne is your favorite seat, a place of Satanic contemplation, a place to ruminate with power. Demons that exist beside you are offered there the wishes and embodiment of profuse power and dignity. Where you should roam in power, there should be there before your throne.

THE CIGARETTE

The cigarette while burning represents your enemies on fire, the extinguished cigarette your vanquishing of them. And as snipes on the ground or kicked into the sewer their entrapment.

MUSTARD PAINT

Imagine what all paints could be used, though not typically used to paint with, if ever- things like mustard, kool aid, nail polish, and mascara. They all make it so much cheaper, yet sometimes better, and so much more available.

While I was down in The Hole I would paint often. But one day something strange occurred. Being unable to paint well, while striving for a good image, I swiped the painting with my hand, and looked, more as a gaze, and wow! It looked EVIL! During a later occurrence in life it was revealed to me that it was Satan whom I drew and coincidingly evoked.

So amongst the strife and complexity of art Satan is, and actually is often, evoked.

CREATIVE WORK

With this your creative experience is used to create any number of magical products. Be creative. It has magical items all around. One thing I've done, I believe my best construct, was a Ouija Board made from glass and black nail polish Old English letters.

This is a good opportunity to introduce you to the eight shapes of aesthetics (and a foundation for aesthetically endowed architects.) The Eight Magic Shapes are:

A swirl to the left, a swirl to the right, a trapezoid, an oval, two columns, a diamond or triangle, a rhombus, and a circle. These are priced together in order to comprise the best structure.

THE ELECTRONIC

Some of the best fun I've had was taking apart and assembling differently with or without new components and old electronics, such as a dial tone or rotary phone. You ask 'what does this electrical pathway do, and why, and what would happen if this is done, or that?'

After all, science is much a concept and application of magic. So you have all these tools, very many available, so be a brilliant scientist. -Or at least have fun in understanding how they operate.

Ever Abundant Misnomers

It just can't be tired or worn out, easy facts. Truly knowledge has increased and people are stuck in traffic. They'll take any study or assumption that "science" gives them when it comes to food. *Probiotics will make you shit better, eggs will make you smarter, ginseng and B vitamins will give you energy, sugar will elevate your mood..* Would you believe these things are not true?

Vitamin C does not heal the cold!

People consume, and impart upon themselves this useless, fake science of food properties and magical benefits, as though they are herbalist witches.

I can't sleep my eight hours! Actually I've found the pill for perfect sleep, it's an antipsychotic.

Picking Crystals

The Nazia (Earth of Satan) is riddled with treasure. To find even a coin upon it is something of a magical treasure. Some day, cigarette snipes will be as sought out as arrowheads. Take from it the remaining tobacco sample and encase it, as in a film slide case.

Crystals are very abundant in Nazia and are the magic stone, whether or not one prefers a diamond- save that a diamond can invest one with the cost of magic tools.

Crystals can be faceted into jewelry, or simply kept for Greater Sorcery.

Branches, staffs can be taken from Nazia, as my father imparted in youth hikes up the mountains. When I was eight, by the way, I climbed *Devil's Peak*, in Colorado.

Mushrooms are the most concentrated magical food. Even the few seemingly doing nothing, not being so different from the ones that drastically cause biological effects, do *something*.

A stream of running water, a staff of oak, or weeping Willow, an abandoned home, or abandoned trailer with a book of witchcraft within... wherever you look in un-populated areas, there are lots of magical things.

Doo Pee Doo Wah

Derived in part from the Disney medley "Doo pe dee doo wah, doo pe do day, oh my my what a wonderful day," comes my chant-mantra *Doo pee da do, Doo pee do wah*.

Old Disney is riddled with magical chants, and magic itself. There was even a black and white cartoon made during days yet still Christian saturated, of demons dancing in hell to hell's bells.

It seems every demon, as should every witch or warlock, carries a magical verse.

In formulating one go down the alphabet and rhyme certain two letter words (boo, coo, doo, too, too, hop, joo, koo, loo, moo, noo, poo, roo, soon, too, voo, woo, yoo,) changing but a little, within a theme, until you come across a magical, unique, formation of sounds.

Constructing magical names:

You combine and twerk meanings into singular sounds, much alike making new words. For example, find a word for *light*, such as, *ray*, *vibrant*, or *illumination*. Then perhaps a Satanic name, such as Lucifer. Do this with many possible elements to make one precise word composed from many. In this merely simple example *Ilumnifer Raysyatin*.

Doing this the best I could, I formulated the following order of names:

Raine, Roo, Bethai, Tomel, Fydra



A Satanic Adventure Game

Whether or not video games are loaded with superb 3D effects, the most Satanic games are adventure text games. They are easily programmed- at least relatively, and requires one to delve in your imagination.

There are many from which to derive influence, from Oregon Trail to Where in Time is Carmen San Diego? But a large number of which have been sorcery based, magic invoking incarnations.

If you want many produced quickly, then take a pre existing text and modify it, if you like, or simply copy and paste fantasy eBooks into your creation.

These games can teach magic, have a list of demons, be of a dark incarnation and teach Satanism.

Reach for the Stars and Grow to Their Height and Stature

The higher your goal, the least the most. If someone is to conquer the Earth, s/he must do better than the best done before him or her. After all, if it's not the best, it is a part of the least. But you, in doing what others can or will not, will thereby succeed.

If it is remarkable, it is because it's first, or better than it's least, perhaps timeless, or about perfect.

I admit, I don't like to think about the prospect of writing ten pages each day, especially right before the last few pages of the day are done. But I know if it's not me, it'll be someone else, and in such a diluted saturated market, I have much competition.

General quality coupled with quantity brings sure success- to its further end. That is as far as exposure helps, but something of good quality is timeless.

I come immediately to the lesson of Atari and Nintendo. Atari allowed *any game from any company* to be on its free coded console. And because of it most of the Atari games were refused, crap. But the Nintendo Entertainment System patented its coding used by its system and only allowed on its quality games. Because of it the NES was, naturally, the only choice.

Doing the least will not get you anywhere. Even if it does, it's not something you've earned, disserved. I mean that politely.

The Road to Hell

Like a goat travels to new roads and other places *usually away* from people, not content until it dwells on a mountain, so should you a Satanist travel.

There are those that yet travel and those that have come to the mountains to rule. They on mountains survive the beat and do still fight to keep their place, but there, it is so much more a game.

It's like making one's own bed, reaching a star, taking the broad road but surpassing destruction. Imagine a gargantuan horse rider treading a star, and you know God, To be better is a never ending pursuit, and Lucifer told Ya, "I want to be like you!"

Taking anything worthwhile from Ya, in a way so vain, is asking for brutal suffering. But the reward is irreplaceable. If a woman or man asks for wonderful great things they will get them. After all Ya has always said, "Let them."

Gypsy-like Satanists are true Satanists in every form, and the traveling Satanist gypsy will, no doubt, run across her/his own kind, even frequently.

If Ya is honorable, admirable in any way, it is for his poetic, lucid and precise use of might, as His Four Horsemen.

Striving for a Luciferian Perfection

He was the seal of perfection. Lucifer is the illuminated, the enlightened. In doing our doings and formulating, developing our thoughts, so should we be perfect. Let us leave no stone unturned and in significant matters come not to a resolve until we have reached mastery.

During my time at a psychiatric hospital, where I spent a year of my life, I was only given a radio for any good distraction and entertainment. *And I mastered it, it became heavenly.* I can now make any music be about what I want it to and think within shuffled random radio music powerful and pleasant visualizations.

I could write a book at an easy pace, not by reaching its end, but by having the luxury to slowly do my best. The end should not be "stared" at, unless it's an issue of pride and agenda.

Little by little one can tailor rich, luxurious clothing- one gold rivet, one gold button, navy blue thread, a new leather pocket. By the way, it's been said leather is *bad*, *meat* is *good* but if the meat was eaten, the leather *should be* taken.

Little by little until it's whole the best of things could be compiled: of home goods, clothing and jewelry, creative work (you name it,) and take longer to *think*, *garnering* higher intelligence and perception.

The Vision of the Ten Rings

As tablets became laptops became cell phones became watches- though some may prefer electronic chip impediments or a holographic model cell phone, my preference would be no greater than *ten rings of magic*.

These rings would begin simply enough but evolve quite well, over a long period of time, until they could cull up practically any good thing. Then they'd come to know your environment and cater to your understanding and desired realization of its procurement.

Like a suit- even as powerful as a super Metroid suit, could be extracted from the ring's output.

They'd begin basically enough, like as a mouse cursor, or a point indicator, and develop into manifesting holographic interfaces. . Voice commands or a sliding, swiping action, could be integrated, easily. And remember, the rings need not be as thin, they can cover your finger up to the knuckle

It could be told to go 1, go 2, go 3 and afterwards will acknowledge certain hand movements to execute an action. Incorporated hand gestures using the ten rings will be like magic of the hands and fingers.

The rings are ever on, changeable, adjustable, and can operate a suit, not a heavy clunky suit, but a comfortable scientifically integrated one. And with a rip of the finger coinciding with that finger's ring: a magical effect performed.

Imagine, the ring piles up a long rectangular, thin holographic display of four buttons upward (above the top of the ring) and downward, below the ring- a thin holographic display of buttons. To swipe down on the ring is to circularly rotate the display of eight buttons. *That's on your index finger.*

On your middle finger up comes four or so buttons the same, only upward ones, no circular movement, but if with your left index finger you poke through the one of four displays coming up from the right handed index finger through it through the middle finger display, it provides more input.

If you push down on the ring, more happens.

A good shape for the ring is an octagon. Remember, it covers the top knuckle unto the bottom knuckle of the finger.

The Sky's truly the limit when it comes to science. I do believe I'll be around when these developments occur.

Satanic Aesthetics for...

There is little to none applied aesthetics in the everyday world, all is mundane. Take a look around. Everything is ginger and plain. There's nothing good to look at, no time to enjoy the surroundings.

The trash can is pigeon shit green. The sidewalk and most everything in urban areas are stone, only stone. There's an occasional tree. To put something cool anywhere is to litter.

The stairs, stairs, the windows never stain glass or colorfully tinted, lights just lights, doors just doors. But how about a tree bench or sitting area, rainbow, even glow in the dark paint used, the sidewalk having glitter, the lights having better effect, and toys or parade candy all around the ground.

To have the capacity to: put stickers anywhere, douse around glitter, paint the trash cans, jump to the first floor unto a bouncy inflated floor, ribbons tied around poles- this capacity ought be one's *right*.

Scientifics

Those of old wanted certain things, and have had to rely on magic to produce most of it. Now that science can produce, ideas and situations can emerge in their development and production.

For example, they wanted a magic wand, magic jewelry, gold in the lab, and life from a doll. Some of these modern, scientific incarnations, are present, with further development of them to come.

The wand can create a holographic screen when the shape of a screen is made, or at least present from the tip at a pouch of a button. You could say, "where is coffee," and like GBS direction, points a beam to that place.

A light could some day, hover above, when needed. Or a further advancement if that, your possessions could follow above or directly behind you. And one step beyond that, those possessions temporarily miniaturized.

Glasses can be scientifically procured that gives you further ahead visual information, details, you may like. They may point out in a crowd someone you know, who perhaps otherwise would be spotted. That could be useful in decriminalization.

I would love to see the day that brings about walking on the air shoes. Perhaps it just needs more powerful use of magnets.

Seeds that grow spontaneously, electronic clothing, *ring magic*, a fountain of youth formula, and developed AI, these will certainly develop until the point that Ya's curse is vanquished.

Political Systems

As I've said and illustrated earlier, *my* idea system would be contracts enhanced anarchy- that law and order, productivity and social well being could be anarchy controlled by contract- to the governmental establishment, or be it a corporation or Hell's Angels, or any number of guises.

There's good and bad in everything, I suppose, with Greater good and Lesser Good, Greater Evil and Lesser Evil.

I personally see good in capitalism. Things that way become increasingly better. The consumer gets what's increasingly better. Though the poor under a capitalist structure are more without, what is most in the past of a capitalist world is the least today: it makes the world better for everyone. These capitalist crumbs are just fine, people ahead of themselves are ever-greedy.

Socialism, which uses communism *without* a king, a dictator, which involves all in society, to aid and abide by things helping the greater whole, is very anti-individual. Your chores, occupation, is predetermined and there is very little to no presence of competition. *You can't excel, you can't be any better than anyone, "All for Society."* What is society?

It's becoming increasingly difficult to be a dictator. The internet and hidden communication, the rights held of faith- and it seems American constitutional rights are both naturally fought for and maturely occurring.

America is great, I just don't like the increasing shoving of health workers into their offices.

Majic the Encyclopedic Game

I imagine a game that spans an encyclopedia, from A to Z.

Each book's cover has as many letter A things there are: including for example, with letter A, ace of spades, a scarlet letter, an anarchy symbol, and an upside down A goat symbol. As these pictures and symbols go for the color, so does that book for the game.

Using a preexisting book (especially Satanic are 1980's DelRay fantasy books) the player constructs an entire world. As towns come across, on a grid is drawn them, and made available game play and routes.

Some activities in the game involve outside action, such as planting in town a hidden bag of green marbles or feeding the birds- say, to gain progress.

Taste magic would be incorporated, to enhance the game with savory candy, or if in a bar during the game, the consumption of alcohol.

The trading of actual items, like jewelry, stickers, creative currency, foreign bank notes, or any desirably acquired object, would occur.

The books would guide and direct the game intricately. A player could switch from book to book. In book S, shops, spells, seed, sail. In book N, new, noon, names, night. As throughout the game's use of the encyclopedia.

As with all my ideas, I don't need to be paid, I don't even need to be acknowledged. That they are used, that's what matters to me. *I don't even need credit. I refuse my rights.*

The Sword in the Stone

That might be my favorite Disney film, and is rich with elements from The Principality list.

He takes a sword (Joker, sword, gold, swine) from a stone (Spirit, blue, elephant, *stone*) and is helped by an owl (Hand, *bird*, staff, red)

From The Principality List I came to understand the *dragon* is of a bad, undesirable quality. In the Hobbit he was robbed by Bilbo, the burglar, as in my four elements *Thief*, *goat*, *white*, *ring*. Indeed Bilbo had a powerful ring which he got from golem *Creature*, black panther, assassin, word.

Of all the animals in movies and cartoons pigs have it worst. And cats, though not as nearly bad, are often undesirable emulations. *Wizard of OZ*, *Sylvester*, *Tweety*, *Pink Panther*, *Opium smoking cat from Alice and Wonderland*, and so on. But there is also *Tiger* from Winnie the Pooh.

In Winnie the Pooh, there's poo (*Bear*, brown, cane, bee) there's the rabbit (*Rabbit*, green, seed stage) There's the owl (*Bird*, red, hand, staff.) And *Tiger* (Red, whip, *cat*, fairy.)

The principality list is for me a thing of meditation and thought. It gives a sort of understanding I can't resist.

My Best Recipes

My best recipe is The King's Cake. You take a cake, put on it another cake, and another, on top of that a cheesecake. Sprinkle on top m and M's. Then put some candy bars in the microwave and pour it on top.

Then there are far simpler recipes of making sprite popsicles with gummy bears inside.

Another is to eat cereal in coffee.

And another is to make cereal peanut butter sandwiches having inside, for example, peanut butter crunch.

And another is to eat cereal with reeses pieces, or crumbled Oreos, crumbled cookies or simply adding marshmallows.

My Very Most Favorite Music Videos

In general, nearly all of: Slayer, Danzig, Morbid Angel, Type O Negative, and Death.

4 non Blondes *What's Up?* ... A.O.S. *History Repeats Itself*... The song *About Her*... Adele *SkyFall*... Aero Smith *Crying and Crazy*... Alanis M. *Hand in my Pocket*, *You Oughta Know* and *Head Over Feet*... Alison Krauss' *Lucky One*, *When You Say Nothing at All*, and *Now That I've Found You*.. Rammstein *Amerika*... Amorphous *Black Winter Day* and *My Kantale*... Annie Lennox *No More I Love You's*... Aqua (all of)... Billy Idol *Eyes Without a Face*... Bjork *Human Nature*... Dido *White Flag*... Edie Brickell *A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall* and *Circle*... Eurythmics *Sweet Dreams*... Fionna Apple *Fast as You Can* and *Sleep to Dream*... Garbage/ Shirley Manson (most of it.) ...Pat Benatar *Hell is For Children* and *We Belong*... Led Zeppelin *Kashmir*... Katty Perry *Roar*, and *Dark Horse*... Len *Steal My Sunshine*... Maura O'Connell *Helpless Heart*... Metallica *The Unforgiven*... Ozzy NIB... Pearl Jam *Black*.. REM *Losing my Religion*... Rihanna *Diamonds*... Sade *By Your Side*... Sneaker Pimps *Six Underground*... Tangerine Dream *Loved by the Sun*... Cardigans *Favorite Game*... and the *Final Fantasy* music of Nobuo Uematsu.

Anton LaVey Was a Con Artist

Anton Lavey, writer of the Satanic Bible, founder of The Church of Satan, is really of no consequence to the existence of Satanism. His followers do not even believe there is a Satan. They do what's normal for everyone, but call *that* Satanism.

Although they do not believe in or worship the Devil, they do worship and idolize their leader. Anton LaVey was a ceaseless liar. He has his followers believe such things as sleeping with Marilyn Monroe on a train.

They sometimes believe he *is* The Devil, though, to see his bony out poking shoulders and frame I know him as nothing more than a dead old fart.

He was perverted. Most of the Satanic Bible was about sex being OK. He wanted the right to baptize minors in the nude.

They are philosophers of philosophy and of him who was referred to in the movie *Spawn* as *retards*. They are trapped into "philosophy of philosophy," and constantly correcting people who call them Devil Worshipping hard asses. *Satanism* is not *Devil worshipping*...

On the whole it is good at inducing individuality. These Satanists are individualistic. They develop their own tastes and they are not as f**kd up as a very lost Christian. Certainly good is there, but for most part LaVeyian Satanists are practicing mormons.

Apart from application of Individualism, there is little to no good in it. He was a con artist, making his Church for the “non joiner.”

More Magic Items

THE OCCULT JOURNAL

You should rest your soul within it. The book is to be all forms of magic, both psychological and ceremonious, derived from obscure sources, and obscure knowledge along with pre-existing magic techniques. For me something better would be a book of memories put together like it's a memory palace within a book. But these two things go well together.

Whatever you find. For mine I've taken from any useful thing from The Four Laws of Gold to The Hero's Journey.

POKEMON OR MAGIC THE GATHERING CARDS

These at least give you demonic and sorcerous manifestations, and do it well. If you can construct well from the abstract to see what these things *could* mean, could entail, *could* articulate- so much all the better.

CREATIVE RESTRUCTURE OF BOARD GAME PIECES AND BOARDS

Anything from making a monopoly about *your* town to making Life about *your* life can be done. Scrabble could spell out your name on a door. A curtain taped together playing cards could be made. Jenga can make a doll house, guess who can have paper printed family pics, and dominoes can tile furniture.

DANCING PIXELS OR SNOW VISION

Bouncing pixels do better than a crystal ball in forming visions. Snow vision, the little white dots forming on old TV's not “receiving” anything (but in fact they're seeing space) do well, too, in seeing visions, than a crystal ball. White noise is also helpful for meditation. *As are planetary frequencies*

ALCOHOL

Many ancient cultures uplifted themselves with alcohol to reach a nirvana perceptible to higher being communication. Elated enough you are *unrestricted, more passive.*

THE COFFIN

A coffin well enables a sensory restricting state- induces *sensory deprivation* that serves well to hear and understand yourself. It is like self hypnosis, which is achieved in a lethargic state. It's very comfortable- better than a bath. And it's conducive to the earlier form of hypnosis (what became hypnosis by Freud) that being Astral Projection.

HIDDEN IMAGERY PAINTING/ DRAWING

In these one thing means, and is understood to mean, very many. This is what George Lucas did in creating Star Wars. Many different meanings come to cue leading to many more, even things entirely observed by the viewer, which George Lucas wasn't even a part of.

Many observations, as a result, have been "known" in Star Wars, by an insatiable imagination. It's a magical effect with loaded results applicable to your own creation. It is to be hidden between the lines.

THE PIT

If you are as expressive as a psychopath, a pit is a must- a basement covered with psychopathic imagery. Why not do the walls with (FAKE) blood? Some sacrifice in them, or hold captives.

But it should be a place of grim, diabolical expression- whether real or fake. As well a place to render fury, or, circling around, remove inhibition, freely speaking, freely moving around.

YOUR BED

I get my best, fullest positive understanding and an awareness of things to be grateful for, in bed, when I decide to sleep. Wrap yourself in comfort, luxuriate in cover warmth during winter, and meditate on the goodness of life.

More General Topics, Reiteration, and Summary

Ya does not like the well dressed Wo/man. He especially doesn't like those that honor Satan in their attire. He strips the wealthy man. He is discussed by the proudly looking.

If someone does not like you, and expresses it, it is because they are jealous, envious, and think you are in some way better than them. Wanting to be better, they either want

to be more conceptually alluring, or stronger (which goes hand in hand with that) or else have a higher stature than you. It's good to be hated- it is to be feared.

It used to be that people were limited to TV and radio, to *it's* choices, if not more than a few CD's, besides. Now there are movies, songs, books and short videos that tailor uniquely to you. You don't have to be irritated by things you watch, hear, or read- whether you are Christian, Satanic, gay, straight, racist, sexist, or against any of those. Now, not all people have to like one thing.

Surely science and technology will reduce crime. The most atrocious of all crime, kidnapping, will be easily eradicated, when there is an eye in the sky, looming in on where people go from point a to point b. Except, it's a sick joke a demon used to say, "she has a *baby* it's a *secret*." But down the road, people who commit crimes will be observed from above seeing where anyone and everyone goes from a to b to a. Keys will become embedded in the hand, or perhaps the thumb print, making car theft very difficult. And everyone having a cell phone these days, the police can be called, very quickly. Science will surely reduce crime.

If you do crack just once *then* you might do it again, until you're hooked. Don't let it begin, to begin with. There is *not* a first time for *everything*. Crack heads just live for the high. They will spend every dollar on crack. They haven't a life beyond it. It makes whores of both men and women. While homeless I once heard a man shouting, "I'll suck your dick for five dollars!"

The God of Scientology.. The scientologist, it was so said by L. Ron Hubbard, may have a God of their choice, any God, besides Jesus (since Scientology is not a Judeo-Christian religion. I used to say (and repeating it often, years later) "Scientologists, you may have a God, anyone but Jesus, I ask you kindly, deservingly, can I be your God? I publicly say things in support of Scientology." And here was my own good understanding and defense of their beliefs. Then I said, if you like me, feed me, and that's all I ask. And a very kind man came up to me, while homeless, sporting comradery, and gave me a Pepsi and a bag of Rold Gold Pretzels!

Hey, what do you want for those hundred dollar headphones? How about some crack. Jingle jingle. -no, I'll take forty dollars. *Let me try them out.* Okay, they work well, and ride away. *Hey, what about my money? Come to the ATM with me.* I went around the corner, and he was on a bicycle, and far gone, with my hundred dollar skull candy noise canceling headphones.

How much for your 800 dollar laptop? How about 80 dollars? OK, sold. \$3 dollars for Final Fantasy 8? OK there you are. I paid just three dollars for a cool wind chime, anyway.

Ya transforms the wicked to greater stature. Though he "corrects" He makes better- Though he burns, He refines. So if you are wicked and made destitute, you emerge as something better. But you, being as Satan, do the trick of remaining iniquitous.

Pray to a Starbucks coffee cup. Modern idols are all around : the golden arches, the Carl's Junior star, and my favorite, the StarBucks logo. I have demon names signed on my StarBucks cup, usually Shiva. And I have openly, publically, spoken and sung it with music. Idols are very present, like in action figures that look like devils, or, if you're lucky, like Satan Himself. Idols are engraved on coins. I stared at a Morgan Dollar once, for twenty minutes, and got an erection.

Where are the natural scientists? Individuals, once so fascinated with the Earth, experimented with it. A person often wondered what things did and assorted and rearranged it, creating amazing things. Now a scientist is a group of scientists doing and accomplishing very good things, for sure, but we still need the studious, curious independent scientist.

Explore and realize your tastes. Come to know what's best for you. I have spent a lot of time doing so, myself. I thought, what's the perfect bread? It's pretzel bread. What is the best cereal? For me, it's Fruity Pebbles. What, of all sandwiches, is the best? I think the Reuben is. I also formulated a scale. What is cherry cider in Lucifer's book of Cloud Nine? It's an eight. What is a caramello candy bar? It's an eight, too. See, if you get to Cloud Nine, you are eating God. Mmm.. Body of Christ.

The Rainbow Necklace:

Final Fantasy!

-What?

Final Fantasy 7 fuckin faggot pissin me off!

Hey, a rainbow necklace would be *so* cool!

He's a wise guy!

The Devil's his master...

I was just saying, it would be cool to have a rainbow necklace

Fuckin psycho puttem away!

What does anyone think about a rainbow necklace?

A rainbow necklace? That would be awesome!

Finally! Someone who agrees with me!

And laughter.

My Madams of Sin.. My Madams of Sin will have pyramids built for them, *gold around the finger*, and I will be in the basement with my ice cold full of Sprite.

More relation from the Principality List. The pig is the *worst* cartoon character. Being Piglet, Babe, Wilbur, Porky Pig, and *Garfield Friends*. Star Wars has Luke's and Vader's cut off hand (*Hand*, red, bird, staff) and the light saber is like a staff, and Vader's is red. There is the hand from Adam's Family (Thing), there is the hamburger helper hand. And there is the hand from *Vampire Hunter D*, and the wall hand from *Legend of Zelda*. Back to Star Wars there is the stage where Palpatine met with Anakin (green, rabbit, seed, *stage*) and the green lightsaber. Then there is Anakin who was born from a virgin mother (*spirit*, blue, rock, elephant) and the *rock* Luke raised with the force (*spirit*) and the *blue* milk and the *blue* lightsaber (again: *blue*, *rock*, *spirit*, *elephant*.) Not to mention the elephant-like creatures in the film. Out of every principality member, *Blue*, *Rock*, *Elephant*, *Spirit*, is the most indicative of Star Wars.

Honor to the self sustained. I have what I need. *I've* met my *own* needs. If there is something I want, *I* will get it. *I will work for it.* I do not have to hustle or appreciate the hustler. Having done so, I will not have to beg or unnerve others into supplying me with things. I will have what I need and enjoy what I have from week to week. I am NOT owed. I DO NOT owe anyone anything.

What about the grey? I explored and structuralized into an entirely new religion "the grey," in my book "The Final Bible of Christian Satanism." Christian Satanism was a duality between good and evil, and it even clearly seems as something that the two sides toiled to produce, through my hands.

It is always "good or evil," right and wrong, one side or the other. What about *both*? Will it ever be seen and storied, the "grey," the decidedly both? What about in Star Wars- will there ever be the shadow side of the force. I think so, as it is an alluring, fascinating new thing.

Effective martial arts.. Grappling and wrestling comprise the most effective martial arts. Jiu-Jitsu, through careful training and observation, very well seems the most effective. Simple rudimentary locks work best- like head locks and full nelsons. Fight dirty. And do not relent. Grasp wrists. Aim for the nose. And tackle. Given emphasis only a few of the best things matter. Some people don't know what animal to pull out of the hat.

Sleep deprivation.. Sleep deprivation puts one into a dreamy, fantasy inducing state that's very conducive to magic. Music is (so very much more) deep and rich, elating and meaningful, when sleep deprived. Visions come forth, as well as more receptivity, to voices.

When in Rome.. Whatever thing a person contradicts you about, or if someone says something conflicting with your own belief, just agree. It really doesn't have to matter.

Siding with them would insure comradery, and you can dispense with unnecessary, messy toils of proving them wrong.

The Earth needs a different parent.. What the Earth needs are seeds and people who like it more than cows, chickens, pigs and tuna. What effect occurs when several thousand cows, chicken, pigs and tuna are slaughtered? Would GGaia retaliate?

Better aesthetics everywhere.. When you picture a living room or bed room what do you see? Couch here *always* there, TV on dresser, bed there, this here, that there. It's plain. It's so basic. It's never out of "ordinary." But me, I've taken two bed frames and put them up sideways, as a higher up base for my bed. I put a piece of tiled wood on the top, for evenness, and put a mini book shelf on top of that, where I had my laptop and important books. I put on the wall glow in the dark star stickers, and had a cool little room because of it. It goes beyond one's room, but that one owns space, you have every freedom to suit it to good taste, unlike the rest of the world. I once saw a man arrested for painting what was a beautiful US flag on an army green trash can. *Arrested. Incarcerated.* A tree house requires a permit. We all need a Satanist's touch, a Satanist's aesthetics.

Provide for your future.. Always provide one tenth of your income and resources, but ideally both, for your future. Provide for your family, too, at least a little time by time, as resources permit, but be generous. Have your family help one another. I do, and so does all my family. But my friends, save maybe one who I've decided is generally helpless, I help. But it is not really a friend who borrows, in any case. If you are to succeed, you must make it happen. And remember, the reason why success, apart from luck, ever comes, is because others can't or won't do it. The few who diligently work hard to succeed are the few that do.

Establish a Satanic Purpose.. If you do The Devil's work well, it may be that He hires you, if you aren't hired already. This is both what you do well and what causes the most desirable, Satanic change. Be diligent. Work perfection. Whatever work you do, do it well and change things, Satanically.

Your Marriage to the World

FOR A TRUE SATANIST, THE WORLD IS HIS OYSTER. There are treasures deep and rich.

Eat a cake and envision that Satan marries you to Nazia. Ride a tall swing and envision you are over taking heaven. Indulge in food and imagine being Christ-slaughter.

Find what is rich and bathe yourself in it. Strive to concoct the good life, rule within Nazia. Have a wonderful life, full of pleasure at any cost.

Have a purpose full of reward and gratification, one you perform to reach the stars. Become, even, as one who treads the cross.

Eat lavishly, indulgently, sensuously, luxuriantly. Pass no bad food into your mouth.

Know Ya for what he truly is: a raging, merciless dictator who desires eternal worship.

Know the road of Christianity, a road of trials and oppression. The only ends to it is perfect worship and adherence to Christ.

Collect the unwanted, a die cast jet plane, a model corvette, colored pens, stickers and the ageless.

Do not relent to make your life on Nazia (Satan's Earth) ever better. Stay here on Nazia, with us- let us all make and keep Earth's Satan's Earth.

When there is peace, be good and well. When there is war, hide, and make and sell Play Dough.

Enjoy, uniquely, as an individualist. Know and understand your unique tastes. Your music may not be popular- "but it used to be popular, it's still somewhat popular, at least it's recently popular.." Find the helpful but obscure in a pile of trash books. Within them uncover the occult. Be an Occult Investigator! Collect and form anew, draw in hidden energy, and find the lost, among old creations.

Meditate on prideful things. Circle around with bright side thinking and concentrate on well being. Think proudly. Thinking proudly enough, you can cause great storms.

Invest in a thing worthwhile, Aline or with others. Fill your time excellently.

Science is making this Earth a Nazian paradise. *Immortality, AI development, abundant food, and anything imaginable- that science is slowly, but steadily making a paradise.* We have so much to look forward to.

Do not act in this world to the over sensitive. Instead, promote values of resilience and strength. If it's beautiful, it is, how *can* everything be beautiful? Maybe in some distorted way everything could be adjusted perceptually to beauty, but *ugly* is as *ugly* is seen.

Be a child of Nazia, a child of Satan. Worship playfully: playfully destructive, playfully evil.

Magic is an attractiveness from deities. They may like, for example, red vandals, red robes, certain chants, certain invocations, and a well made ceremony.

The Earth should be Nazia, the bible pushing moralists should be the ones thrown into jail.

Select your demons and worship them. Don't forget Shiva, Lilith, Agnes, Isis, Ishtar, Beelzebub, Azrael, Abandon... *but above all*, Lucifer and Satan

THE NATION OF AMERICA IS THE NATION OF SATAN.

Satanic material has been created in America that is without number. Those hearing basic rock music for the first time perceive it to be quite wicked. But that's the least of it.

Christians are, no doubt, the worst of all bullies and feel privileged to be so. They are power happy nuts feeling so strongly that Christian is absolutely the only way to be. And these days, I am very lonely. Being apparently abusive with their power, Separation of Church and State was established.

Be so ready to separate yourself from Ya by taking the mark of the Beast. Give yourself reasoning that is true: that realization and preservation of truth that *God, Ya*, is evil.

There is no end to existence. Hell is *not* either the end or torture. Hell is the Devil's and fits closely into the nature of this book (present in hell are those that are like unto this book, and its place so articulated).

After all, what if Earth were nothing but Ya's and the Devil's game? What if Ya has had it planned from the beginning that the bold, courageous, will take the prize? What if Ya were not so boring and simple minded as He is thought to be? Capable of fun?

The Earth needs Chaos, as do the things humans created. Systems become over packed, overflowing, too much ever more the same. An application of Chaos is not only necessary, but inevitable.

Certainly the best teaching of this book is *Personality Snatching*. It is to put on a distinct and sometimes far different persona then your own, typical, normal one. It incorporates a different perception, accent, demeanor than your base personality- and it's irresistible.

The Conclusion

If anything in this book works, or else could be made to work, then good. I have helped. But if it doesn't, then simply disregard it. What one says is not something set in stone. It is always going to be right in some way and wrong in others. Things said aren't forever relevant. But I try to put the timely and timeless into what I write. I don't even like writing about things dead and gone.

A person could very well develop well with this book. I hope you have found inspiration to be successful and productive. I hope you are aided by

it in becoming an individualist not another person's person but your own. I stress here that a person should have their own tastes, not another person's.

This book was aimed at making an outstanding and remarkable person. I sought to make a person worldly, happy, one thoroughly enjoying life, doing things, becoming something and one ever loosened from the snares and entrapment of God (who I call Ya.)

But in the end does much more matter than good food, good music and happiness? It's not so much a constant feeling of elation but purpose. *And reaching for a dream*, that makes life good in between the eating. I don't know- perhaps Solomon was right, except about Ya. Some have the luxury of only enjoying life, with or without doing more than that, but I guess I don't.

As for the influence of this book I am often asked, "who influenced you," I'm not much influenced. I keep my thoughts and ideas my own. I pick from anything my own choices. I avoid what's new. Being as all children, easily influenced, I still have most of my early tastes and preferences. This book was as unique as myself.

Over the course of six years while creating my writing style I wrote The Christian Satanic Bible. That was finalized after six years into *The Final Bible of Christian Satanism*. It would be wonderful to me if you purchase it. Or just download the eBook for free. That book, like this one, is entirely in the public domain. That book is a dualism: a religion combining good and evil.

Currently and hopefully for a long time to come I am on You Tube under the username Lucifer Jeremy White. And on google plus I have the Anjill Magic (An Jill ma jic) community.

I have more books to come and thank you so very much for your time learning from me. I hope it's been very helpful and mind opening. See you down the road-

Lucifer Jeremy White,

San Francisco, California.

2017.

2021. (40 A.C.)

Best Wishes.

2: Satanic Living

By

Lucifer Jeremy White

Satanic Living

by Lucifer White

2017

-2021

A public domain book.

San Francisco, California.

Also by the author: The Final Bible of Christian Satanism

Introduction

Satanic living is far from typical. Satanists occupy their time differently, and think differently. If we don't waste all of our time we are productive. We each have our own purpose to fulfill. Hopefully life is a little better for a Satanist. It is hoped that you enjoy things at least a little more. They should. Satanism is a worldly occupation.

I set forth in this book many ways to enjoy life and get the most out of it. There are many models of success. They mean nothing if you don't enjoy life. And really, before anything, only happiness matters. I want happiness to fill your life.

If you are not familiar with Satanism, you will learn it well here, and certainly have a good start in forming a new Satanic mind, heart, and life. And these writings are also beneficial to the seasoned Satanist.

Certain things make a Satanist. There are not many but must be taken wholly and seriously. Things such as individualism and pride.

This book also serves as encouragement into finding a Purpose of Satan and enacting it, being productive and rewarded. We must be at least a little active day to day working for success. *Being somebody.*

There are many things taught here and from time to time stark blasphemy. This book teaches you *why* be a Satanist and *why* be against God. There are good reasons both ways.

This book may challenge you. I hope it does. No need to read from the first page to the last. You can digest it simply from flipping around, occasionally.

Lucifer Jeremy White

The Book

Available everywhere are models of perfect warriors and gods, villains and Satanic entities. From Darth Vader and Palpatine, Vegeta and the Klingon, simulations of the Satanic Warrior are constructed. Some of them are even starkly Satanic, in one good way or another, many of them are.

Here are some Satanic quotes from Satanic characters:

Vegeta from Dragon Ball Z- "Because I wanted him to reawaken the evil in my heart. I wanted him to return me to the way I was before! I was the perfect warrior, cold and ruthless. I lived by my strength alone, unfettered by petty attachment. But slowly over the years, I became one of you, and my quest for greatness gave way to a life of mediocrity.

In the show *Dragon Ball Z* Vegeta trained relentlessly to maintain, infer his warrior status. Though he did so, another character, Goku, could never be surpassed. Even so, Vegetation was built by pride, and through anything, conquered with pride. Goku was really just a metaphor for Jesus, and Vegeta, something like his brother, was Satan.

Vegeta was much of an underdog, though he trained much harder, he could never outdo Goku- but was very much stronger with pride.

To succeed you must outdo. You must masterfully "1 up." Those that won't, they are the least, and those that strive, the further they do more, and the more they outdo. That is to say that most people quit, or do nothing to begin with, in life. But if you are to succeed, you must do what others don't or won't.

If you work out, building muscle, you must make it regular. If you design a new thing, you must think up things others were too thought limited to construct. If you save for a business, you must save up, whereas most could not persistently save as much. If you are to qualify for a more preferable and higher paying job, you must study hard and earn a degree.

The less these are done by others, the more one can use to excel.

When strength alone matters, only conquering matters. To overcome, with pride, mediocrity, the more strength, rewarded by pride, the further you will arrive down the road of gods.

Vegeta may have not been the very greatest in his universe, but he did keep company with, and was among, them.

The challenge of the Satanic Prince is to earn a place among the Satanic Extemporary through merit. That involves toil and strife. The inamorata of The Satanist is his stature. That stature is true godlessness. It is like a self-induced/ induced means to overcome and upturn weakness, and through strength keep the prize that strength provides. I call you to challenge, that no matter how strong you are, to be yet more strong, powerful, better, more resilient-

Ideally, *all things stronger*.

It is only through arduous stress that one's mind opens to the darker realities reciprocating *Satanic Visions*. A whole world blossoms forth- Satanic roses of all sorts. To be buried in the dark unleashes certain sensitivities otherwise unfounded.

Day and night some suffering under solitary confinement have confronted their own demons.

Some become homeless and confront a desperation alluding to crack and AIDS inducing whore straddling.

And most would die from loneliness putting on burning layers of social compensation.

But the true Satanic Prince is, foremost: *Thoroughly enjoys life, is an individualist and is strong*. To enjoy life, what else matters? An individualist and one singular, one thereby remarkably unique. And strength, a general term, can be said of resilience, adaptability and bravery. Whatever good from strength, individuality and love of life, is a good indeed.

Do you know that science is creating a heaven on Earth? A lazy day for all? A place of no need unmet? A safe place? A place of unobstructed gratification? It is rapidly becoming so.

We are well into the end of our valiant struggle. With Artificial Intelligence coming to "take our jobs," while we are left with our own creative inclinations, strife will be nonexistent for most.

Maybe all along Man was meant to evolve separately and singularly within His own strata. What Man has achieved, He achieved without godly interference. He took the world His own and through the arcane assembly of magic into science constructed piece by piece a paradise.

In all the incurred dealings with *people* the Satanist governs separation thereunto. Petty people's concerns are irreverent and readily dispensed by the foreign being, The

Satanist. If you are a Satanist then your influences are strictly popularized. You are a separate entity in the world.

It's those that are different that cause what is different. It is those that are different that bring about what is different. Though while in Rome. Me, detesting the world, I fiddle while it burns. America- land of the selfish victim.. Land of the detestable. A place forming from iron forged petty dumbass intolerance of intolerance.

The Luciferian-Satanist we will blend in. *While in Rome*. In our set up we may even live to fiddle while Rome burns.

I recommend you, as a *Luciferian*, circle around or even sit- just sit circulating in thought things kindly giving pride! As though the world just doesn't turn. Or that you turn apart from it.

Satan is as a fire- He is a She. She is a lover and friend. Or your Devil might be a man if you choose. Maybe to you a brother, or a sister. And only the truly different are anything the same with him, and united as "One" with *her* with *him*.

Let me introduce you to the Devil. He is on the road many have found, but few have remained upon. He isn't concerned with petty human trivia. He challenges the human realm and evolves human kind. *He* wrote the bible. All of that- that was The Devil. But many fools have believed Satan to be a hero against intolerance and not God but still concerned with things of trivia. He doesn't rest in Human complacency but more to exonerating liberation.

There was never a village where Satan hadn't appeared as some sort of awesomeness. He appeared as Mohammed himself, the Buddha. The possessed. The anarchist. The revolutionary man. The bride's last breath. The tree's last seed. The baker's last bread.

He has given gifts for the few that excelled in executing his purpose. A vanguard, a thief, a vagrant, the exonerated as, *priest in the wrong place, a politician here, a soothSayer there. And Satan- everywhere.*

Take a Star Bux logo as your idol, and pray to its cup, as Shiva, as Satan, as Lucifer. These are modern idols, after all, and its cup, pray to. The world is so very Luciferian-Satanic, sometimes that agenda is hidden, but nonetheless.

The world is Luciferian-Satanic. It is the Devil's Earth. We were chosen to live here in His time. We live in a Satanic world, even should we *look around* for His world. Satan came back in 1906. The Jehovah's Witnesses were just about right on this. San Francisco quaked, Satan appeared, after a wealthy Jew was about making San Francisco *beautiful*.

There is no “being one” with a culture of many cultures as is the Chaos Magic that is San Francisco. Many questionably Satanic things persist on the shores of a great ocean. The priest can’t see his enemies. The priest has many enemies.

I prayed to God that if I can’t have the earth, then maybe a portion yet be my own?

That night I laid face down and hugged the concrete and said “I love my little blue rock, I hug my little blue rock, and I pray no matter where I am on my little blue rock it will be wonderful,” then said, “And the sun stays where it is!” Then, the following morning, I had a dream of *Holland*. I thought where is Holland?! And later found out, that’s Scandinavian. And yet later found out through a DNA test I am 20% Scandinavian. Scandinavia, here I come! Embrace your King!

You would do well from time to time:

To think *proud things*

To use a basic dictionary, word by word recollecting, unearthing memories

To apply optimal-pathic reasoning

To untangle and sort out life’s difficulties and

Provide something for your future as invest into it

To explore and identify your tastes

And untangle and sort out cobble web thinking

In all your doings, you would thereby be perfect in every regard, a strong and lasting Satanist, and at one with the gods

But the coward, the lazy and those with no meaning, auto-generating of populous identities, will not ever meet themselves, and would be made of others, producing as weeds do, uselessly, numerously.

So then place seeds all around, being different, making much difference. Because the Satanist is like a rare fruit, different and desired, to the furthest possible extent. S/he wanes not, is everlasting, and seen worldwide, that are contrary- that are the only who presents a question. That question being *What are the rest of you?*

The sun, that unyielding unchanging “thing” in the sky. It follows me no matter how far I go. It is warm. It bears light. And so be as a Luciferian, a great shining constant illuminating light. One that is forever right and never changing but in due season.

Satan is the fire yet Lucifer is the light. The burning to ash and the phoenix with the light of Lucifer.

But the truly dross and dull grey are of black upon their shade. They cannot see themselves. In the mirror the Devil appears, to the Satanist. But the other selves cannot see a tree, only a forest. Indeed they have no soul and go about the success of others; never their own. Always another. Never their own.

But he who is different rather than a puzzle of many things, he is a puzzle of his own and a riddle in many ways. Though, the differences blend in and never come into sight right.

May the dark see you its own and be you before them each a vibrant star. He who sees the Devil in an atheist's.. Or Christianly.. Or Islamic.. Or Buddhist world is superb; most excellent to Him, for He yet desires to be found, as a legendary gem, if nothing less.

But The Devil will have atheism, perhaps.

The Devil will have the world sinfully reckless. *He* ought to be guided into *right-acting* sin. The world, be it extant from any least of Ya. So let it be that His greatest are themselves without awe. *That Man, could He do anything?*

Do the Devil's work and test with the rest you've earned. Should there be no difficulty, true rest is not found. Settle well in the purpose the Devil gave you. Produce the crop from which the devils feed. Be even a food most desired being in all ways like a giver of Christian meat.

When you hear of rumors of wars and wars even so circumference- *hide*. Be like those that boxed themselves in producing play dough, manufacturing weapons with expertise- safe. And apart, or else hidden. They so few that emerge when the dust settles, they are the true victors.

Come and conquer the earth with me, trotting on the earth beneath those Christians, in the grave, who had no thirst for life, that strife, that strife. No thirst for life those Christians, ought as well might. Where's my right?

The hidden place such as a cave or abandoned home, or a hole in the desert, that is the better place for the Christian. They aren't supposed to be here. They don't fit in. In fact they belong in heaven and are here like spy's. They want to bring here heaven like a treasonous, open mouthed man from another nation. Why can't they just *go*? But comes the robber who would leave us and they do nothing, *anywhere, but with fire*.

God is an ego maniacal being that'll have unadulterated worship- for eternity. Heaven has nothing from a "person" any less than proven thick tested devotion and worship. The cross has never been a free gift, more, it is bribery.

He flows, flows, surges forth such poetic prose, such vengeance un matched, such colorfully beautiful mighty vengeance. Such a wonderful and lovely story of His; the Cross, sing, sing now for me my followers most reverent and true, without black stain,

the prose of your life. For me, for me, of all great might! Yes! Yes my followers sing it, sing it true! I am coming! I am coming so soon!

But me, I feel I simply have a better chance with The Devil. I feel, there would be no surprises and that to do my best, as close to perfection as I could come, that is better for me, to my benefit. But God does nothing for me and I could but give a life for him with nothing giving of pride. Nothing more than a cowardly life. Nothing more than self sacrifice. But to serve the Devil, I take it as a life lived well, doing things for him in Order of Pride. He won't have me cut my balls off if I think of masturbating female Asians., masterbating to that.

But for some reason God just throws His holy arms up and says "I just don't know where I failed with you, Adam." You ate that fruit. You ate that f***ing fruit didn't you? After I said, eat all of it, you just can't have that one. You went ahead and did it. The first depths of hell are not even as furious as I am now with you. Those thorns you see, those are going to f***king stab you! They'll cut you. Get the f***k out of this garden right now! Angel waving a sword keeps him out. Now listen, you feed your f**in self, toil, burden, hardship. You and your offspring will be cursed for all damn time. I give your wife a baby; also great pain.

What's His problem? Count it fortunate unto you that you are *willing*- you have a will- to know Him in truth.

Come rain snow or shine, come as it is, and know where it's from. Knowing that God is irreverent, but as a deadbeat Dad, has let you starve, has been found nowhere in the times of dire need in life.

Of a man who faced a challenge: What on earth would Satan give him? If only for further the eyes normally see. Come rain or snow he did what others would not. And came to find he excelled far past the complacent, who daily did naught. Then took the earth up by root and grinded it up.

Oh! Oh! If I could just get on TV! At least for a moment! My friends would revere me! My family would be astonished! If only, if only they'd all hear this song! *Strums on guitar* They'd love me for this! They'll give such enormous cash! They follow me around! My classmates will hear about me from school and will illuminate me with my excellence! If only, if only I was in the news! If only I were popular, anything I say will be accepted, and taken *cool* I'll be cool! People won't hate me. I'd be *the best one* in my family's life! The women would find me attractive! If I could just *succeed* with this *song* with this *book* with this *painting*!

Oh if only the Great Cause was still fighting through for my rights. If only I could be a benefactor for our civil rights. That the cause was once in its hay day. But my rights are almost altogether found and I have nothing to fight for, to be a representative thereof.

My great idol, he once was, but is needed no more. *Maybe* it's no better than before. I *must* have something to fight for. I am missing my racism. Where is my racism?

Few would know, and even fewer would remain knowing, that Satanism is a game. And even fewer Christians would know they are as well. But in playing the game God brought forth Moses and made many lies. Then Satan made Rome. Then Rome fell by God, using His Chess piece, Christ. Catholicism.. half pagan, a remnant of Rome. Came Islam from Satan. Came Buddha from Satan. And comes The Devil's Son *Counter-Christ, His Final Adam.*

But it is a game. Hadn't LaVey presented the rules of Satanism. What is that twelfth rule indicating? Are Satanists Rage Zombies? He's not my God, he only wants sex from me. And they *do* worship the Devil. They just somehow forget that they do.

That profitable work must succeed on its own before its profit comes from The Devil, or else it has no standing on its own. One must very well follow down the rainbow if his work comes to naught. If he is outstanding the reward will be his/her own. If it isn't for Christ it is for Satan. So let evil be and work to our whole strata. Knowing it is Satan's and you are privileged to know so where as Satan without is yet within.

Those Luciferian-Satanic confined are great kings. Visit them. Write them. And treat their punishment as your own. Those that are Satanically confined should be honored. Their punishments be admonished. Annihilated. Bring unto them good things at any cost.

The petty grumbling of so-called peace makers brought them there. The demands of the weak crippled them. Be their legs and arms. Do whatever you can to get them out. Don't be settled. Ratify them. Exonerate and honor them. *It should be the weak moral pushing that should be jailed, confined, separated. Not strong.*

In this world sprouted up by Ya is Hell Mr. Salmonella. A man in a chair engulfed around a fire, gnawing His teeth thinking He must survive. *He must. He must survive. Elsewhere. Elsewhere.. Put Him elsewhere.*

It takes very little but the luck very much. With more, the better your odds with great luck, further much. So don't rest your hands as there is no test for the wicked and be too tough a meat the Christian prowler could chew and digest. *Be too much, Satanist!*

Like the clown asked, "Why do we get all the 'tards?" A stable mind with the right guidance brews genius. Only from a different way of thinking comes difference. And most are the same as a person saying or showing one thing fifty different ways. But if you are different so let your light shine as not even we, nor Satan, nor even Ya knows where our roads lead but when you blend in you are hidden and not really with those who travel down the familiar road. *You are not really there more than they want you to be.*

If his house destroys your's, it must be burnt down

If his food poisons you, he must be made to eat it too

If he lies, steals or cheats you, so let it be unto him

And if his tongue defames you make him to bite it off

For you are an idol perfect a sanctuary of your own truth and cannot be foiled into Christian vandalism.

So it is said. But you must pick your own battles. The truly brave will fight to preserve their honor. The cowardly won't. But the cowardly may yet be more brave, fighting another day.

If you can't do something. If you absolutely find yourself defunct, unable to incorporate their life into your own. Then you must embark on a pilgrimage. Get away from there. Find a better place, preferably alone. Out of the carnage, or simply, simply badly, the riff raff, the cumbersome, the psychically depleting! Go then, on a pilgrimage. Return to yourself. Safely explore your vices. Even create around you the like minded, if anyone. Life can be mundane and restricting. Break through. Go on your Satanic pilgrimage. End in climbing unto the heavens themselves, as an accomplished Luciferian, having emulated our great King.

And up the small mountain climb. Climb then up another, higher. Then, after a little rest, climb up ever higher, and the rest. Be as the gods of the world as no human climbs high or for long. *But the Luciferian should, always, and is.*

We should have stronger laws against the weak and moral. They lash out at the strong. If they could, should leave, but they don't, they masochistically remain. They do no justice. They aggravate people. They disdain the "unmannerly" biblical construent, the sheep thinking it should walk amongst wolves, head and nose high. Society should impart manhood, a warrior strata, not tend to the weak. *Morality pushers should be thrown into confinement. Or else have no residence with the strong.* That is applicable. That is Satanic. That must be done.

Those that are fruitful, productive, whether alone or with others, should have privileges. Even if they take SSI, if they are *very* productive, and if that is their only real income, so much the better. The mentally can at least paint or write, sow or gather, do something in return. That doesn't apply to the autistic. That applies to the "mentally ill," who are *not* helplessly incompetent.

As science and technology sprouts up a Utopia, so should it be, that AI and robotics perform our necessary jobs, completely master our needs- long, even eternal, life food, medics, material. While this tinkles out slowly whereas so many do nothing to help it to advance it. Comes a big man pissing it out like a horse. Our savior!

Where you can look all around are the loner's thinking contrivances. Beautiful amazing adornments such as phones came from them. But they are few and far between. Take a look. The vast majority have done little to nothing with man's lot. They sure eat from its fruit. But that fruit ought always be altogether for him to enjoy. To eat. And yet even so, comes some one found growing from his seed and from that fruit eaten. It should not be.

A person's place will slowly and altogether become a place of magic doings. That is to say, as surely real magic is real science, one will have an enormous storehouse of knowledge before him/her. Knowledge that can be acquired and used like how generators work, how software is programmed. Where so long before the greatest knowledge from which to create anything was limited to the alphabet, the wheel. But in the future the Satanist will create at his/her own measure things for their home. And it is already much so.

To what ends is scientific advancement? Its riches are too deep to ever exhaust. Man has toiled applying it for eons and yet its surface is but grazed. It doesn't add, it multiplies. It will be proven our savior, our helper, our guise as it always has and its wealth is beyond understanding.

But what is love? Jealousy, inner loneliness, restriction, and remorse. God has not enough understanding regarding it. Too much kindness, too deep a love for the poor, for the weak, is unnecessary, does no additional good. If man is kind a little he is not kind too much and his help will need them to meet the two ends together.

But Christ will be bowed down unto and the not purely loving will roast in hell where there will be weeping and bashing of teeth without him. For you cared not for Him and He gave His life for you on the Cross and though your sins could be covered, you don't allow them to be. So you shall die in sin being lovers of the world, whom God hates.

The Luciferian Monk is a Satanist left with but thinking and that thinking is unique, different from the contrivances of the populous. S/he that is left alone, or in The Hole, or homeless, but alone, particularly garner the most incredible thoughts. A Real Luciferian is one who reached the Nirvana of such incredibly unique thinking as to be *His own father of thought*. But so many are they comfortably locked in a room with others, all who share the same thinking! Be it from politically correct obedience to likeness or Christian lessons a presumably rewarding God gave unto them. They are dross and cannot thrive as life is its own in the Luciferian Mind. So may your influences be few, if you must be influenced.

If any imaginative aesthetic could be given any right what a better, less mundane and less dross, world would be. The sidewalk can't be painted. To put glitter here and there is littering, the trash cans could be, at least, a pleasant navy blue, and great bursts of light can fill the overhead sky- something like Fremont Street in Las Vegas. But all is

dull. All is dross. How about covering the earth in seeds, as is its true need. Or what about a bedroom? Bed here. TV here. As always, take a shower. Scrub here. Scrub there. Don't dance around. Don't drink the water. Why put your bed up high? Why would the door open differently? So what if there's no stained glass. No glow in the dark stars. Always a bed. Never a coffin. Never a pit. Lights never go in a corner. Candles are dangerous. So is incense. There is no plush rainbow carpet. I have no Mickey Mouse plates. Can't afford a few silver pieces of silverware.

There is nothing but shades of grey outside. If it's imaginative, that doesn't matter. It must be typical. If I had a Total Environment it would be one as this:

Called Candy Land, the streets are littered with glitter and board game pieces. Even candy, like from the frequent parades. Toy and candy stores would be everywhere. You would have the freedom to stick stickers everywhere. And some of the architecture is edible. On the whole the environment closely resembles Lazy Town (google) or Bubble Gum Pop, such as the aesthetics from Aqua. And no children. They make me feel childish. But I am adult child with an adult brain. I am "adultly childish."

As above, so below. As within so without. My anger went into the Nether. Where did my anger go? My anger.. Went into the Nether. Where did my anger go? It went into the Nether. My thoughts ascended. Where did my thoughts go? My thoughts ascended. Where did my thoughts go? I have left them above. Now I pull them down. Now they are with me. But they've changed somehow. And having forgotten my thoughts exist again above.

Throughout our time on earth we think. In thinking we create an amazing world in our minds. That world is to some degree tangible. To some extent, more or less. Nothing is ever lost in memory apart from brain Dave. Though memories are still there, just that recalling is difficult. But our memories become more difficult to remember. Take a small basic dictionary and as pertaining to random words you see, remember something.

Some desire to conquer yet don't desire to rule. Some desire to teach but not go through school. Some desire to build but come to want destruction. And others that look for treasure don't care for the reward.

Do squabble about matters others find insignificant that obstruct or delineate. After all, are you not your own proprietor of well being? Is it not your own work of perfection that gave you your state? But one comes around wanting to change that. They alienate you from what you desire. They refute relationship values you rely on, voiding them. They cut out pieces of your garden for themselves and leave you with weeds. Then, be a fixer of things and remove that obstructive foreign matter. Cleanse yourself. Hack it away and throw it into the fire.

The two most powerful elements to work with are light and water. Consider that you incorporate one to four things together, keeping it palatable and simple. If you know a

little you know a lot of it. If you know a lot of (it) you can but use a little of a lot. So know a few things well, in other words, Take any two to four things (a ring, a laser, a fiber optic, a suction cup) and from these masterfully create something new. It will be more or less difficult depending on the combination. If you come across a good combination, good. It is in finding a good combination. If you think about anything long enough and have the right kind of thinking you can make incredible things. You may create your own circuit board, one made somewhat in a new way, even altogether. You have basic physics principles. And general scientific principles. As, making crystals, friction, pulleys, gravity, magnetism, and generators. Be a gifted inventor with these simple principles and from what there is, simply fit it together like a puzzle.

There is very little wilderness survival these days unless you foolishly get lost in the woods. Today, more likely, there is homeless survival. In which case make your way to the business downtown areas, not the residential area. Have a lighter, pens, a radio or battery operated mp3 player (preferably a long lasting battery) and a thick blanket. If ever you are homeless you can make ends meet with these and not be bored. You'll at least have entertainment. A radio that uses two AAs usually keeps power for at least three weeks. Have these items on you. At worst it's just sleeping on a bench or sidewalk. Oh, and talk to *none* while you are homeless.

A textural-

A textural is a single image with script on it. These are common in old video games, comics, magazines, or places online. Offhand, they deserve to be compiled as like unto a scriptural book. Texturals are anything with a single picture and some words underneath. They are very well usable as an item to hold in mind, with which to mediate, as if a thought process freeze frames the moving motion of mind. For the Christian the *scripture*, for the Satanist the *textural*. My favorite is from the first scene of *The Legend of Zelda*. He goes into a grotto and there is a sage with a sword. It is written "it is dangerous to go alone. Take this."

Modern demonology still exists. We just handle and use it differently. Pokémon consists of demonology as does *Final Fantasy*. These things have demons, just now instead of art and drawings with a simple description they now incorporate moving images and audio, and can increasingly breathe life into them. We are the image of Ya. As such we, like gods, have the capacity to create new life. Usually demonic. And yes, increasingly we are bringing into further actuality the presence of demons.

Somewhat like this we still have idols. They are ever present. They're abundant. They are *Star Bux* logos, Mc Donald's arches, or on apparel. These are easily equated to being idols.

Though whether you are or are not a King you can still live as one. Even better than most Kings do. A King he rules. I may want to conquer it. But I wouldn't want to rule.

Kings have the best of all things. If they are like most people then they probably take it for granted. But you, being better than most, shouldn't. What you have, cherish. What you think, focus and meditate on the pleasant, the favorable, the pleasurable. What you eat, be it a feast. And what you produce, be it masterful, perfected. You may not reach perfection- it has no end, it's elusive, that just makes it the best for you to strive.

I was trapped in a state psychiatric hospital for a year at one time of my life. There was never anything to do. We were locked up there. But we could have a radio. So daily, in fact all day everyday, I listened to my radio. It wasn't easy to enjoy. The many songs that played I didn't like much. But I came to find a way to enjoy them. It was really simple but changed everything. I simply made the songs mean anything. Whatever at least it could have been about, I made the songs about what I wanted them to mean. But greater than that I meditated on it. More accurately I visualized it. The visualizations became deep and intricate and sometimes felt profound. The best thing was that developed enough, visualizations are a component of magic.

Much as birds of a feather flock together inasmuch we are of a *different* feather we need with us our own kind. Some of us have an inclination to rule, others to be fostered by us, some of us wish to dwell, work, celebrate and grow in a Satanic group- even a cult. Many of us wish to operate a Satanic/ Luciferian Church. And then there's those satisfied with internet socialization. As for me I choose to productively write and teach online with a sense of Satanic tastes consumed in real life and online. I gotta admit I like the way of the Sith, the Satanic version of people from Star Wars. There is One Priest One Apprentice that way. It's concentrated. But it's limiting.

Make a flag. My original symbol "the devil's cross," is of a proportionate cross of which on every corner is an inverted star, as inverted pentagrams without a circle on each corner of the cross. Get a place or use your own. Have it have its own book. That's important. Pick a place to meet. Or a website. Worry not, science will develop to the point web life is practically real life.

Envisage your ideal place, a palace, and you will always have something to which to strive and endeavor. As a palace made according to your vision, from floor to roof, from room to room. It is a dream that could come to fruition somewhere far down the road. An important mantra in life is, certainly effective, "as I go, so it comes. I bring it here unto me as I go along. Piece by piece, losing nothing, until it all is here with me carried forever on."

It has so been said that God cannot sin. But that's only because their God can do no wrong. He has the exclusive right to act like a barbarian. He slings his sword of truth every which way, cutting into the wrongness of others. If there is a towering construct going upwards he is surely there to pour in concussion and disarray. If his words are not strictly adhered to he swings his mighty sword of justice on his horse trampling by,

treading infants all about. With his mighty shield he deflects the arrows of disbelievers and crumbles their children for generations to come.

God hath said he will suffer the cold and the hot but the lukewarm he will spit out of his mouth. He usually has the construct to "let them," referring to evil. Maybe Hell is our own fire with nothing to cool it down. But I go headlong into Hell having logically decided there is no greater evil than Ya. I put my bet on Satan. I just don't see anything wrong with him. All he's trying to do is to foil the righteously drenched and to overpower the cowardly Christian. Which every Christian is a cowardly teacher's pet. Do keep in mind whether or not a Christian would admit to her/his reward/ punishment Stockholm syndrome condition *there it persists*. But let me fill you up with the underdog, anti hero, those brave, that logic. A Satanist is brave indeed. He chooses what others never, ever, never, ever ever could- that's the truth. But come rain or shine they rest their hope in a magnificent perpetually upper-handing being (Lucifer.) He is indeed one worthy of admiration. He treads on the stars themselves.

A Luciferian should meditate on perspectives. S/he should have a general but pertinent understanding of the mechanisms of the world around- where things are, where things are going.

My understanding of the world is that science is unwinding a paradise. That all our needs, scientifically and technologically will be met. The need for money will slowly become non-existent as things such as propelled seed growth emerges, even a replicator (a device that restructures matter into something else, something desirable.) As lab grown organs arrive many maladies are corrected. And even so a resequencing and restoration of DNA and cells eventually becoming cure all's, even so, the cure for death (a fountain of youth.) Holograms will develop becoming ever cheaper and the internet redesigned fitting itself into a better virtual world. We may go into the pit socially, but with as many scientific and technological developments are at hand for the incorporation of single hands and groups, there just can't be a dark age. At least not one that doesn't make the world even better, eventually. As things are becoming cheaper yet better the depth of the underclass is, actually, not nearly as deep.

Look at the dancer! The drinker! The social drug abuser! Those impressing their teachers! They go to no end to procure popularity, the likes of others *so* prestigious. They take an hour to apply make-up, to bathe. Look at my painting. *To be liked*. Look at my home. *To be liked*. Look at my position. *To be.. Needed*. To be *someone*. I have a pet. *I matter*. I brought forth a piece of me. *To do what I couldn't*. I am getting good at *throwing the ball in the hoop*! I get to be in the presence of others. *I get to prove myself*!

What is a god to do to fill its time? Would s/he wander into a house and astonish with his words? Would he go into a church, appearing as Jesus came? Will he go into the primitive area, appearing as Mohammed? He is, someday, going to be alone in his/her own space-place, bringing in others not so much from the flesh but more an image

representation. S/he can have others aghast with their knowledge and wondrous signs. Maybe he'll author a new religion and change the course of humankind. What is power if you can't use it powerfully? I mean I can do "so what." Or I can do "that was funkin' amazing!" And we are ever more so as gods, gods, to greater gods, and further always so. But when I see the possible technological entrapment of the internet I am warned. There is a thing God has done, I'll confide. He has "burnt on the wire." Believe me the internet has its evils. But I hear others complaining about *that* and a picture always comes to mind of a crowd staring at a little square on the ground pointing at it, debasing it. I just walk right past it.

Just consider how many demons people have. This scourge of the mind. Past abuse, being mishandled, being made too weak, to get something deserved, having been taken from, having a finger pointed at you.. These things interrupt well being altogether. They "halt and interrupt" a normal "flow" of happy, satisfied, secure and satisfying life. It does much more than we can realize. If in life we never confronted the harsh, the aggressive, or never thought worry, or confronted anxiety *how happy, content, satisfied, and peaceful we would be*. But because of these things we were handled a way of operating here, in our place. But the best fix for this weight upon us is to occasionally assert inhibition, sometimes alone, but also in public.

It is usually the presence of an enemy and the inability to destroy him that confounds him into anger, even fury. But the one who hates you just wants the same, the removal of superiority over him. They rate you higher. They are so jealous that they do not like you. Why dislike it? They aren't comfortable with you around. In their presence you are a great wolf, they are sheep. They must prove to themselves that they are better. They might grasp for control but it wanes, is ever fleeting. Therefore they can't control "things" around you. They are unsettled with you around. If their thoughts were free enough they'd plunge a knife into you again and again. The best thing you could do? Do as they do to you. And refute them. *Living well, it is against them, as a wolf that doesn't share his meat.*

I call it a very workable trinity to be and admonish, revere and understand that trinity of *Mother Nature, Father Time, and Science*. To acknowledge and uphold Mother Nature is to admonish and idolize the world, nurturing, the seasons of life and the home of earth. To acknowledge and understand Time is also an understanding of the seasons of things. It is to respect the evolution, progression, the development of things within and without you. And to prepare and be ready. To work and to rest. And Science can be even considered a god. It restores all things, overcomes all things, changes all things, and brings about all things. This as a trinity is far superior to a God the (deadbeat, useless) Father. Far surpasses any good use of the Holy Spirit. And Science does what and better than what Jesus did and favors none. Science is for all. You can trust it. You can depend on it. You can freely use it. You can come to know and understand it. It is yours to hold, as is Time and Earth. Though maybe you'd like the list listed as *Home, Time, and Science*.

Carry a pouch around. Have within it treasured items for the day. Day by day switch the pouch. Learn from what's inside simply by thinking about each object. Enjoy them in hand. It can be any small thing, perhaps a few idols, a color pen, a page out of the dictionary, or three dollars. It's up to you how you use them. It should be easy. If it's a pen, write something. If it's an idol, think about and pray to that idol, if it's a few bucks go to the store that day and get a drink. For where your treasure is there your heart is, and there you'll go.

But really, anything that you can fit in your pouch can fill in some time and otherwise things never used could be/would be. A dice- do a little deviation. A CD. A mini candle. A little shot size bottle of whiskey (or could be a can of soda.) Fit it into a pouch and day by day use new contents.

The road for a Luciferian should be well and good, pleasant and as wonderful as heaven/ a light but pleasant and desirably constant feeling of nirvana. If not always but inasmuch as you took the road you travel and it is *The Devil's.. The sinner's.. The iniquitous..* enjoy. Be well with it. Knowing where you go, that's where you'll be. The mind of a Satanist-Luciferian, and as it is gotten here, presents and gives her or him the world wonderful, workable, tangible, palatable, as clay. *A life good and how to work that good*, is in your hands, as a Satanist.

My "Twelve Names" constitute my writing, providing a list of influences easily procured into my writing and beliefs. These names are:

Hermes, Q, Vegeta, Lex Luther, Satan, Lucifer, LaVey, Palpatine, Prince, Mantrid, Solomon, and Nero. "Q" is from Star Trek. "Prince" is from a show called "LEXX."

The sigils of Solomon and from the Necronomicon serve well as a possible configuring a circuit board or its operation.. *If* you are just imaginative enough and work well developing ideas from the abstract. They are made as to provide ideas in the guidance of circuit parts or as a figure giving to those imaginative enough its possible electrical use. The truly useful, talented, the kind we all need, can create their own entirely self-idealized circuit boards. But electrical prowess of pre-existing circuitry certainly helps.

People have said for some time now not to "bottle in " and "repress" emotion. They theorize that an explosion of temper would result. More to the actual truth is it's like a sore. If you poke at it, it'll hurt. If you continue to poke at it, it'll get worse. Rather time heals it, and it is no more. The patient said to the doctor "it only hurts when I rub it," and as the doctor says, "then don't," the same applies here. While you're thinking about something hurtful, there it is. Hours could go by until you dredge it back up. And no sooner than you do it resurfaces. So if you can't rationally do anything about it, then don't think about it. It is like hot water. You put your mind away from it and it cools. But if you continue thinking about it, it'll boil over. If you don't then the water will cool

and just spill out altogether. Or else does a past event, or hateful thing said, still pester you? Of course it does if you seek to understand it, but hopefully it has become altogether unimportant.

The Will to Power to Superiority should be an administering force in the existence of a Luciferian Satanist. One must be One. S/he must disregard all hindering bonds. We as Warrior Princes must calculate and engineer our rightful status as such with disregard to all loss yet striving to subdue and gain. The Luciferian Satanist they *Luciferian* endeavor to become and remain strong and so develop. You must be ruthless. You must be concentrated with evil and its power to be a Satanic Warrior Prince a *Lusiterian*. It's with so little said but with much emphasis rightly executed if you are to dominate in life.

Hell is for one who's light ceaselessly shined. When the darkness was about, yet his light would shine through. Among a thousand torches it danced as a candle and Ya gave him not that light. Ya knew it yet shined. But the torches were all around him and stronger, and they were the false light of lights. They were a flame not His own and though would burn out quickly yet more returned and even old torches would reignite. And this is Hell. A place of hypocrites and hypocrisy burning one and the other to ash. While the one who burns but his own weak light, is strong and forever and guilty of no hell-fire sin.

If you love the world it is your shining light. It guides you and feeds you. But if the world is your light then Ya cannot be. And that is a way of no *life* from the world, and you are without, though not needing, of Ya's love. You who love the world receive nothing from God. Albeit the better, for His love is conditional. S/he who walks upon the earth, which is to say their life is the world, receives life from the world, and to the world gives life. For the Kings of the earth all the same. They, having been given life, are the world's princes. But s/he who is furthermore giving of this way of life *back* into it, the same are Kings worthy of being followed. The world is a place of wishes many times of what the hearts want. You are the legacy of those that took from the earth great treasures. These are left behind and taken again. And too comes the new for all eyes to feast and thrive upon the life, the love, the spirit, the substance, of the earth. Praise Lucifer!

When you are with one another, share with each other the World. But don't share the same purse. If you can expend something, and entirely want to, do. Otherwise don't. Many are those that think you should virtually provide them. And they may insert they'll return to you double, triple, but fail to. They think, later, I shouldn't we that much, that is not right. And being told no they have somehow made others tell them yes, yet you tell them no, they feel their hustling has become inadequate. Then they will desire to hear a yes and take from you, else feel they've lost that talented trait. Provide

all of your own needs and count it blatant one would expect you should also provide for theirs.

If you are walking in the dark with a light and one comes up to you saying they need your light do you give it to them? If you do then I tell you, it is a theft of your soul. While they can then walk in the dark you cannot. Likewise if a man knows his own way he should walk it unobstructed, for everything that a man is can be stolen.

A man who is far ahead of his time will come into his own place, especially if he is aware of this, and how good then does one prepare. But the one who is never ready and can only situate himself with the new will endure unpleasant changes all his days. There is nothing known of the future for that man. And in time he will be worn through like worms. When the day is over and night comes, the man who knows what to expect wakes at dawn and knows from there where to go. If his coins were saved and his firewood cut he is prepared already for the time ahead. But if he hasn't provided himself a blanket he will have no warmth. It is just as important as what you provide for today as what you provide for tomorrow.

I worship my Father. My Father Satan. Bow.

What power does Christ, really? He rules the detestable. He conjures up bullies in his teaching. He rules over the cowardly, the dross. Anyone having power only has it because it is given. Having said other things, he'd be without power. But those valiant are rare indeed and embrace the good life not as one blindly following. He is much like an unwanted king in which there is an undying bitter jealousy to those strong and worldly, happy and unheeding. But what about his followers is any good? What good are they? They are simple minded adherents. In a moral view they are over sensitive and screwed up. They think they must love everyone. Why? They are exceedingly judgmental, keen to the non-Jesus ways. Christianity doesn't itself produce the kind of people we need, like scientists. It only produces a specific (though usually hypocritical and contorted) lifestyle devoid of even desiring life. *Life is hated. That is the only way. For I was hated. I died for you.* ~Who cares?

The Elite Satanist, and especially in line with Luciferian pride, must maintain a presence of respect regarding daily go abouts where you come into presence with the blatant. As done to you, what goes around usually goes quite well back around. You must be assertive, forceful enough to push the circle back around to equal amends. So as it was done, do back even if it is difficult, in receiving peace of mind.

Weapons come easily. There's a water gun filled with habanero pepper. There's a can of bear mace. Just don't expect it to go well with law enforcement. Then there is the most dreadful of them all: a syringe filled with semen stuck into the balls.

I used to say "trash, trash on the street!" I later said "bird seed, bird seed on the street!" And later I chimed, "TNT powder! TNT powder on the street!" I used to call my

followers The Wobblers. But I came to call them My People of Perfect Sense. I imagine the park wouldn't do well with mushroom spores. I was made a person that hated the public. They're shit talkers and should be put in their place.

Do indeed be very careful not to be charged with excessive defense. You could very well be charged if you don't refrain from slapping a bitchy bitch. You could slightly shove someone away from you and be arrested. Or two may say falsely you were the assailant. Wanting a gun for self defense isn't a good enough reason. That's what the police are for. Who may come by and harass you, even kill you. Protesting? They could line you up and one by one spray mace into your eyes. Or if you are a woman, or even a high school girl, perform a reasonable random cavity search. Many police are this way but no, not all. Some will take every reason *not* to fine or arrest you. One time while homeless a policeman gave me a \$20 bill. And many times over kept me safe and free, even alive. But a corrupt/abusive police officer is a bad thing indeed.

In making a magical alphabet each letter should be given a lot of thought to the better of a whole. Someone could even cause the letters to form pictures observable to mean something. As is with the Tarot, it is not the card that comes up, it is the meaning, the interpretation pulled out of it. You can also make two alphabetic letters each mean something, from which hidden meaning or additional meaning can be pulled.

There was a man that was like one climbing a mountain. All around were people and places he felt no connection towards. He always wanted better, better than a lot of other people. So passing by all from town to town he came to realize he would find the greatest were far up, away from towns, away from common roads. Going down a rugged road he found better people and near that a mountain. *That mountain few go up. There is no top. And few climb up it. Most who do, they don't return. But we have rumors of them spoken from the mouth of gods. When they do return they are not the same but unknown by all. But some, it seems, have vanished, and it is said they are one with the gods.*

Those that are in tune with what the world will become, what the future will be, have no surprises and are ahead of their time. They can be brilliant scientists/ inventors. With what they perceive to be good scientific/technological development yet was something not created, they are the ones that should step in and create. They as such are inventors just not yet ripened.

And *false* knowledge will greatly increase. And many can't go back and forth because of *the traffic*. You should separate your thinking from that of the myriad of instant scientists. They believe in everything they are told, and "intelligently" are happy to provide others with their pseudo- knowledge. So often they are proven wrong by genuine scientists but with as many false instant scientists are around, they still think their truth is proven. Vitamin C does not *even help* the cold. Caffeine and energy drinks only work in a psychoactive way. Thought to increase energy then energy be. Fatty foods only increase obesity when overeating. It's just that people who eat a lot aren't

going to eat tasteless “health” food. If they eat a lot, good food is eaten. Warm water doesn't disinfect dishes. The water must boil to kill viruses and bugs. Just know that science so often seems to have been “proven” for decades, even centuries, then, suddenly, refuted. Hawkings theories were found to have holes- and Einstein's and Newton's too. Be better than that. Take things carefully or be as they are: full of bullshit. Maybe life is extended slightly with a healthy life. But anyone may go at any moment for a great many reasons. And to extend life in the conventional manner reduces the quality of life. I don't believe smoking is so incredibly unhealthy. I've known a few smokers with health issues. I knew someone on oxygen that had it off all the time and still puffed away. Doctors are *sure* that smoking is detrimental in every way. But does it really make your bones brittle? Does it really give you a brain tumor? I haven't known nearly enough people with smokers' cancer that proven to me was beyond, to some degree, caused by something else. And some of those got cancer decades after quitting. I've seen so many aged people puffing away and some that lived a long healthy life even though they smoked. I don't think that it's that harmful.

Your idea works like a garden of many seeds. The better the seed and the more you plant and tend to, the better your world. But the one that doesn't plant will never grow and the earth will belong to others. These seeds usually take time. Sometimes one thing planted continually will only produce one plant. But to be persistent from it, whole crops sprout forth. As the rain does come, it will. And before the rain, plant your best seeds. Bring unto your seeds water, as though watered by a servant, and share with him your crop. He who plants many seeds in his life will thereby thrive. But the one who always takes from your crop without providing back will pay the price.

S/he who is most needed is most served, if his gifts come at a price. All day they will toil for you if they have good reward from it. Many small actions only cost many small things and collectively your due is great. Even having non-paid workers is possible if they don't mind doing something for a friend, unaware their friend is paid. Give a little here, give a little there, as an investment. Knowing they can depend on you for a constant supply of things, when their time comes to pay due, if they do, keep them with you. Give them things that all want. Things worth the price. And you will have many servants around you. A cigarette is worth the price to sweep the driveway- often so. And a pack of cigarettes could clean the dishes!

It is truly good to perfect things in a slow course- the end of which makes an excellent whole. For example, a person, even one somewhat poor, can have a wealth of things by working up to it. Slowly he buys gold or silver buttons for his jacket. And for a short time doing this way has gotten the best of all clothing. He too can be as wealthy, just more slowly. Taking up your house brick by brick, glass doorknobs, perhaps, or fine curtains room by room- imparts great wealth, just not instantly. Most of these things are permanent. And sooner or later there will be no room for improvement and in a palace you will dwell, dressed like a king.

Eluding to the quest for glory one must establish a presence of importance, of being needed. Most people on this earth are little needed. And as the competition is weak there is a lot of open space for one to occupy, ruling over earth. People that challenge themselves enough to succeed, if it is at least a third or more of what people are willing to, their success is assured. But most are complacent. Any note, especially. If you go through school you will be rewarded. If you reach out to the right people, you will have relationships with people and groups that are optimal. If you succumb to drugs you will very likely stay on the lower strata- or even kill yourself. Day by day it is a fight to improve things. And it is everyday work that will bring you success, if you choose to do it. Else little to nothing of life improves. If you are content consider that it is the struggle you don't desire which is a worse struggle to endure than to style, instead. But you, be different. Visualize success. Taste it in your mouth day by day. If you've only known tea, how would you know the wine? If you've never acquired success- wealth, gratification, honor, prestige, obedience and service it is merely an incompetence over the few that have, and as inadequate as those that could not or will not. Might take time. Everyday is another piece. But prepare the better whole until you get to it.

How grave is the fate of many that would not, could not think as a Satanist and live as one- and this is altogether true. They cannot leave beyond their narrow little space. They can only go as taken and only be led. They don't think as we do. Some thoughts, such as anything creative and unique, are not considered. They are dross. They are mechanical things wound up and geared to a narrow minded way. If it is not a popular issue, they do not venture into it. But they delve deep into popular issues. What 90% of the world thinks is ten percent of what the Satanist thinks. They think that things should come easy. That they just *should* be privileged. They have a decorum of right and wrong presuming power therefrom. Only their rights matter. They don't think much of anything throughout the day. Existence for them is as mundane as they get. Some of these care only for crack and live for the high- such is all and everything of life. Some go to work and day by day either watch a movie or drink, or something simple, like play a game. That's *their life*. It's as routine as a few consecutive numbers one-two-three-one-two-four. Sometimes they reach four and once in life they've reached five. But the Satanist, Luciferian as that applies too, thinks for themselves. It is a large spectrum that Satanic thought encompasses. So many Satanic thoughts, so much more free, comprise a broad spectrum and understanding. A Satanist knows his/her tastes more specifically. That is to say a Satanist knows her/his favorite things. And a Satanist thinks all the time thoughts that the non Satanic would never consider. Satanists preferences, they are free, and free to roam. S/he has a better understanding of what is good and what is bad and is altogether smarter than, well, anything I can think of! Who'd know that the principle of individuality could go so far, especially coupled with *strength*.

You may have to weed through many books and CDs finding something worthwhile and good but it makes it its own better worth. A normal person goes into the music store and either picks what's popular or used to be popular. And perhaps a foreigner does the same, just with his/her own culture/nation. But the rest of the music is for a Satanist. As for me I've expended very much time in my life looking for things of the best, better influences. I like to read a book of proverbs the most. Not *Solomon's* but simply, proverbs from different times and places. As for some of my music I just tell others "Well it *used* to be popular." Why races only eat food from their own race, music of their own race, or movies from that race I don't know. But I hate those who *racialize* everything. Color is not earning pride. Anyways, the further you are away from popularly constructed tastes the more distinct and separate you are, and certainly the more you are your own, not another's, not even another part of another's part.

Today's controversy is not yesterdays. These days a cartoon character smoking, or a gay rap song, or best yet: a restaurant called *I Love Satan's* will burst, very well explode, and be heard around the world, even in every crevasse, even for a long time to come.

To support Satanism, the Satanist must make public Satanism. Not so much a new Church would do it. That's been done and though it could ignite attention, far more effective is the open- aired Satanist. Especially if he could gather so much attention as to be televised for all the world to see. *That* Satanist is cast into the forefront of the Satanic and he or she should be given due honor for enacting what it would cause: the Satanist boldly in the open, where then others can come out of the cave. *Bring me to that place as I have brought others there before.*

Satanism has over many years and essentially since its earliest days remained- even so influenced- its followers into secrecy. But I stand for a new proliferation of Satanism- that of the Satanist in the open air, the *loud, scary* type of Satanist. That being to unleash a nightmare upon the earth. I call for dark days those where evil is thought to be in every corner. Be loud and shine forth, piercing into life. Couple and group, amass and flood in. Preach openly your beliefs. Put forth ad after ad. Be on TV, commercials, put your voice into ears far and wide! Oh Satanist, come forth!

May they search for you in dark places, where you are not. May they think you are what you are not. May they not think to see you in bright places but are there as a vibrant light. May you remain where they thought you were buried as dead and gone and may your true path be unknown by them.

Some might opt for Satanism from a need of power (through its magic.) Some out of its stature of power. Some may wean into Satanism in rebelling against Christian parents. Perhaps heavy metal leads them here. And for some it was simply just friends who've influenced them into entering the ranks. But a few just happen upon it. Whatever the case a Satanist will find much more to Satanism than meets the eye. It is more than magic, more than a rebellion, more than what a friend could say. It is to choose not God

but Satan. It is to emulate his core attributes. It is to dive into the unknown. It is to pass and succeed with a minority (currently and from the beginning of our earliest days, I suppose.) But we are quality over quantity- as we surely should be. Satanism is a concentrated difference. Satanism is individuality and strength, talent and overall emulation of Lucifer (the word I use for perfection in pride.) We, being so few, each are important- valuable. And I believe we should vigorously defend our own. Like all birds of a feather, every pack of wolves, every pride of lions. Group thriving is a natural occurrence. If a piece of us is harmed, so as to us all. Those we cherish are an outer reflection of us as we all are brothers and sisters. What we project, what we bring up in others, and what others bring up in us are directly affected by those that do us harm. And the more harm inflicted on us the more close that Satanism is altogether.

The things that activate Satanism the most are individuality, perfectionism, and selfishness. These are best drawn out creatively. A latent ego, one geared "too much" toward other things with little to none essence of self is a bad habit and can be detrimental for you and your work. It is like a cloud overhead reducing your look at the stars. It is as if one's mind clouded. It is to not live by yourself but as being surrounded and hampered at all sides.

Do not be hampered away from the achievement and actualization of your goals. Come to sit among the Higher in the reaching and achievement of your goals and make it the goal itself ever reaching, ever overcoming, ever fulfilled. As doing the goal, as the goal is done.

Forge around yourself a world of your own. Teach self actualization in its most excellent form. Without ethics crumbling to a fall. Teach individualism in its purest, most unadulterated form and become lord of all around you. Hold strength a mighty value as you are driven ever further to succeed. Be the ideal warrior, the Satanic Prince. Push your thoughts outward, allow none to push them inward apart from your own reflection.

Have your intellect and person, your person of persons, be in total harmony with the actualization of your ascendancy. There are those that are under the rule and there are those above them.

Draw in and out your thoughts and breath in the universe itself. But contain your power and let loose not its integrity. Have conflict dismantled. Destroy it. Tear it down. Surpass it. With power one rises.

To avoid friction and resistance against you as so as to walk through them higher and not alarm them with your strength- clad yourself in inferiority, but remain useful.

Be cautious that those jealous friends do not desire to overcome you. There are many that want to excellent you and could demonize you like Jung to Freud, Brahms to

Beethoven. Trust is earned, it shouldn't be a free gift. If you make your foe an ally, a great ally you have gained.

Great is a friend that appreciates the matter without openly supporting it. He knows your secret intentions or intentions that can be brought about support, but he has an ally that is secret, even formidable, and he secretly wishes you success. They that don't know you have little room to use blame, put you on trial, judge, or condemn you. They won't know the way you're doing something or what you'll have done. Rather you will be like all else or admired, secretly. Don't tell others what Satanic things you are doing but hint and keep it hidden, if you want.

Leave others to understand you. If you embellish what you say, it does no good. If you leave something as needing more meaning, that meaning will be sought, on their own. Surprise with a gift, let them be surprised. Wait till done then provide it. Sometimes a lot of a little is better than a little of a lot. Know the difference. If you are understated, what a surprise would be a better thing unveiled. Leave room for others to take up where you left off.

Be noticed. Be interesting and mysterious. But don't be a clown. Rather be a lion tamer in a black house dubbed a Satanic. You know what I mean: be someone interesting, even amazing, powerful and perfectly dressed. Cull forth stuff from legends and own it. When someone regards you, they will admire, even admonish you. And you will be ready and fitted into greater things as much as simply and naturally being, blending in with your own.

Draw in others. Be magnetic. Be what they need. Be its best source.

Exhibit the praiseworthy. Manifest the victory all around. Out do and overtake. 1 up and excel. Whatever you do, do it better. Let actions speak louder than words. Some just want others to bask in your future achievement. But it isn't until you achieve it that you should brag or bring it to light or find honor from it. They that present things as finished will be most respected. Oh he's in college/ he has a degree? When was he in college?

The more significant the matter the more it should be your focus. Put in a seed deep and large on matters that are essential and prime. Make it a Pandora's box that you have to offer certain opponents, or a can of worms. Give a snake to them. Let them dwell in a house of cards. Strengthen what best strength is used to advance you. Have your enemies popularize you. Bring to life things that serve though were meant to oppose.

Before you there may be doubt and disbeliefs and other things that hinder. Tell yourself you can and sweep away all doubt. Prove yourself- to yourself. Perform "self fulfilling prophecies. " As you say it is, that it gravitates to become.

Practice- apply- *finality*. Have your goals known and know how to reach them, as a well known outline. Observe obstacles and solutions. Understand the course of a simulation. Have a good overview on your current state and from where you will go. Keep the whole picture in mind.

Sometimes things require overkill.

There was a man that just somehow magically came across a small group of super humans, practically gods. One however was just one notch above him. He was a Devil named Dragon which was more of an identity than a name. The man had been wandering alone in the wilderness for days, having abandoned all things. Then he came across a group of people and many tents. It was night time when he approached the group in this strange gypsy- like area. He began telling them his recent story and was halted. You are a Satanist. He denied it and went on talking. Then you are a Satanist. He then admitted to being one. "Careful, " the Dragon said. "if you lie again our trust will be broken." He just nodded. Then a "woman" from the group handed him a chalice from which he drank, which was a magical gesture. Dragon said, "Be careful, then. This doesn't happen everyday," he said, swapping his hand. "Stay with us a few days and we'll see what we will about you." Which he did, and was led to a tent. There he lay but couldn't keep. His mind was locked on repetitive visions and strange thoughts. He slept, but not really, for his thoughts had no flow.

The next morning there was a "man" by a fire saying blasphemous jokes about God being a big ass. He went to an outer area of the camp and helped some cooks. There was going to be an afternoon feast. But it was mostly mushrooms and water.

He was told to bow to the King and Queen. Which everyone did but him. Rather he just passed by without bowing and sat and ate. Immediately after eating, having gone outside, Dragon-Man approached him and Dragon said that he should be a devil worshipper and to break free from the moronic practice of LaVeyan- Satanism (referring to a denomination of Satanism atheistic and controlled by the deceased Anton LaVey.) "And be a priest (of some kind)" He said.

The following night the man had been thinking about what was told to him, a lot. And found Dragon in the central area of the camp performing (quite excellent) rhythm on bongo drums. Ahead of him was a dancing gypsy girl- or what could be described as one, with tambourines. He was in the middle with others, watching the girl in grey sweatpants. The man fell asleep in what seemed like forever.

He awoke the next morning but everyone was gone. And he awoke *somewhere else*.

S/he who *desires* obtains. To do magic toward something and to carry desire from and without it will incur your gift!

The Devil calls one for one thing and another for another. A person walking sincerely down Satan's road will encounter a cross road. As his heart goes, that is the way he will journey. The Devil always comes to those who faithfully seek Him. One must be sure and old enough to decide on their own. Then the choice is yours of whom you choose. To sell your soul be commuted.

There were many in history who seem to just have "vanished." One such person was Tarus. Tarus was born into a wealthy family and lived at a time 200 years before Jesus. While many were worshipping the rather simple, Tarsus was allured to one he called "Seta." Seta somehow just fixed himself into his thoughts. Seta was actually Satan. Strange songs came to him, as did rather profound thoughts. They just seemed to have come into being.

Tarus' dreams became very vivid as though someone or something had begun pulling him in. But he'd wake up and not remember. Though, he felt a mysterious weight, as if he'd sunk down deeper.

One night Tarus was staring at a fire, from a fire pit, and saw something very strange: a little devil looking being, indeed red with horns and tail, dancing within. He heard a door slam, which was actually God leaving him. The fire became immense and a blinding light, so very bright. Then he saw again. He "woke up in a new bed."

And given four things for his new existence: a small harp, a scroll, a key, and a lamp. Every time he would "die" he "woke up in a new bed."

Keep in mind that's just one case of one who vanished.

Let me teach you a true talent from a true master. I'll use one of his stage names, my favorite from a numerous list. Sifer Ryul (Seh-Fur Roll.) Obviously that was a name that could extract the meaning Lucifer rules) though subtle enough to slip by.

Sifer R. Was an amazing actor on the stage of life. He could "snatch personalities" ' whether pre-existing or from below. In his life he led many parts and was able to change the whole world around him. For newcomers in life he always had a good reason to have them brought in. Such as a well paying minor job during the workers break from which he briefly but effectively confided to them *possibilities, promises, hints of high stature.*

So he had many friends that way, none really knowing the other. A new persona was taken each time. He could be a detective, in the FBI, or a forgotten writer of the past. What none of them knew was he was bringing in an increasing number of people into his circle. In time he was known far and wide, and in such a varied rumored way.

One who is rich, is cheap. They count and save their nickels and dimes and let nothing go to waste. They pour in money toward their future, constantly, and are way ahead of

themselves financially. Just imagine what good life's they lead. My god, they have it all. They bathe- in Jacuzzis . They are driven at any time, anywhere. They travel- to Egypt- in personal planes. They are seldom ever hot or cold. They have personal home theaters. And they are impeccable in clothing- clothing professionally cleaned.

Hell is a state of being, a type of presence much unlike typical human existence. People assume, due to the hateful inconsiderate words of b'Jesus, that it's a place gravely undesired, a place of fiery pain. Though certainly they are at least mostly lost, it's being lost in translation, not in insanity. Not so much in insanity as depth of detail coming from *personal* meaning. A thing in hell, be it food or music or many things, can drive one into unadulterated, unrestricted, endless pleasure. There is no grasp of time. While you are at first in *Hell* you do not sleep. And slowly your mind unravels until it either plummets or adjusts, and perhaps plummets again. One in *Hell* is given to fantasy. In hell fantasy can be a truth, can become an actuality according to how you make it so. People there usually tend to themselves, being so very self- consumed.

There was a man that served a duke in a much unknown but quite majestic tower. His Duke had a large amount of books in a library that needed sorting through. So, one day his servant went to arrange them, told carefully to sort them out and to be careful to tell none about the books he sees. Some of them covered outlawed sorcery. But the duke was not a human being but a devil, which there are actually many on earth- before such time as we basically forced them into caves. The duke came to appreciate his servant, and was even quite fond of him. So he put forth a plan for him. The servant went through book by book wondering why some of his masters swore him to keep it secret. But then there was a book called Majicke that caught his eye. He really wanted to open it. He thought he shouldn't. But his desires got the action- he opened it. The book was pretty slim but still thick enough to cover a lot of material- about 150 pages. He didn't have to go back and forth from the book before he got it down. This man always had his heart settled on the East, where his brother was last known to reside. Looking out the window he mumbled something. He wasn't aware he did. And said, "where is my brother John?" While thinking to himself. A rainbow appeared, shining to the east. He was quite startled. He looked to the east thinking it was just a passing illusion. But looking again, oh, a few seconds later, there appeared the site of a face in the clouds and a rainbow again appeared in the sky. The man then took his most important things, and simply walked out, later to find his brother.

I have seen visions of things representing different things. Stars I have seen while trying to see my family, and they all turned to gold! Stars I have seen falling the moment *after* making a wish. I have seen many working on a pyramid, for women of sin, wherein the bottom nefarious sinners dwelt. I have seen a feather land on a book and burst into flames. I have seen a dove with one wing, right there on the street when suddenly my radio chimed *just like that one wing dove!* I have seen little devils dancing around a tree. I

looked up and saw angels fleeing. Then I looked to my left and a man was being robbed. Furthermore I did see many great things.

Once a man came up to me and said, "you've been pretending to be Jesus lately, haven't you Adam? Does it satisfy you, to take such a role upon the wings of a lie? Or are you bored, in your many years, not knowing the where and why? We have seen you over the years. In them we wanted what was good and right for you. But you turned your back on your maker, even very blasphemously. I've come to tell you, God is not your father, the Devil is, and with him you will spend all your days."

Very certainly so I say the truth, even very accurately. A Muslim pointed his finger at me once saying I was a devil! Once I walked past a man suited in an Elmo costume and said, "oh, you should be worshipped!" and after a few days I had been walking down that area again and came across that Muslim bowing down in Islamic style worshipping him. The Elmo man was furious, saying, "look what you did!"

King Lucifer Satan, most blessed and most consecrated are you, ruler over all people.

In your shining light we are led away from the perverseness of Christ. And so forward on and away unto our own.

Your cup is never lacking and our feast is ever full. You bring us into bountiful things.

We regard you in the highest of stature and we want to know your ways. May your blamer be banished from all our doings.

Triple is the price of the cross: dependence, devotedness, and all loss. But wise are your ways leading us away.

We will temper you a sword to slaughter your aggressor, the holy one, God. He will know your might and meddle with you no more.

In the days to come and the hour, even the minute, let us conquer with the sword any who are not your own. Let us tread upon them and lay you new ground.

Everlasting Lord we offer you all power and praise forever more!

Heles- Nema so noted in memory.

He came like a lighting bolt onto the Earth. He set his eyes on it and declared it his own. He evolved mankind and said "you will serve me." And the earth itself he built. He built it from the dust to the rick. He established cities and broke them down. He bought new cities to establish the everlasting. A fool's tongue knew him not but as for his followers they admired him and praised him. All the more they'd one to follow as he so perfectly shaped the world. Where Christ was there he took his retribution and guided his new sheep. His ways are everlasting and concrete. He has never been bested or misconstrued (in truth.) He gave the Earth and all its

inhabitants his way and led the earth in the most excellent manifestation of true leadership. The earth itself is his own though Christ would have it- even so, it is his own and he will fight to keep it. Let us fight for him in making the Earth stone by stone, dust to air all his own and ours to share. God thought that his praise was never ending. But Lucifer refused to serve and worship him. Neither did he believe in the restriction given man. Lucifer separated us from this. And we only owe him perfect emulation. Great power and glory to his name *Heles-Nema, So noted in memory.*

A gifted person is able to give good gifts to Satan. The rest have either nothing or things inadequate.

A person that can't ride the storm will be defeated by it. But he who can go places where others cannot.

A person who gains much has what others are lessened by.

A person that crawls and begs for mercy makes his opponent feel power over him. But that power could not be so if he destroys him.

A person underestimated will find no challengers to overcome him.

A person who meets his own needs is honorable. They don't, they think they're owed.

Rome wasn't built in a day. Unless you are rich. We may all have Rome. But it takes longer to reach. Still, some things done are permanent.

How few follow the rainbow. I assure you, those that do are getting everything.

If you can't burst through brick the man must have been ready for you.

Perhaps a lie if not another try if three lies if four if five.

If you can't see the forest for the trees or images in the clouds then though the Devil will be all around, you will not see him.

Knowledge about things of Satan, of demons, of things metaphysical is revealed, often actually. You may "come to know" what a demon is like, what s/he does, even how they sound. You could even go to another source and learn the same thing, something specifically coinciding! Trust this knowledge that comes to you.

Everyone's usually an asshole, at least several times a day. The assholes go about doing a large number of things others attributed to assholery. Your best friends are sometimes assholes. Everyone's an asshole here and there. When God's an asshole He makes the greatest of shit and it covers the universe itself. He expects the Satanic to clean it up. God's shit is usually big and runny. He knows so much and knows everything. Most things He doesn't like. Nearly all of it. 10% of what He likes is praise and worship. More

on the devoted side. The other 90% of what He likes is destroying, more like hurting, those that don't worship and praise him.

The time will come when man will build underground: deep underground. I like to think that could be *our* area, a place for sinners. I had a vision that this was so and Mammon was guarding the gate to this underworld.

I saw a booming tower looking down on me from above. I called it Doom Tower. And in the sky above it I saw an entity called Doom Gaze. The name I took from FF-6. Those that lost focus, kind of glazed, non attentive, *almost* went up to Heaven, like with astral projection, but were met by doom gaze. If you defeat him, to heaven you ascend. If you don't, you are put inside Doom Tower.

Dum dum a diddly dum. A Dum-Dum. Um.. Yum.

Caramello, made by Cadsburry, those that make very good Easter candies, is *such* a good candy bar. In my list of Cloud Nine I give it at least a seven. Keep in mind if you are at nine, you are eating God, and nothing tastes better than Him. Caramello is a four trapezoidal shaped candy bar with a thick pool of melted caramel- not chewy, but gooey.

As for my favorite drink, gotta be cherry cider. I give it an 8.

Rice? Well, rice water is alright.

The best bread? That's pretzel bread, or perhaps Hawaiian.

Best hot dog- BallPark.

Some things are good when fried: zucchini, mushroom, shrimp, acra.. Actually anything fried, even burritos.

Best alcohol? It's rum. Best mixed drink? It's a blue Hawwaiin. Best soda? It's a pink drink in a glass bottle called Guava (from Mexico.)

Best cheese? Has to be extra sharp Cheddar.

Best nut? Pistachio.

Here's a list: Clam Chowder, Fruity Pebbles, pineapple pizza_pumpkin seeds, peanut butter fudge, peach cobbler, peach cobbler pie filling in a can, Lima beans, black eyed peas, pecan ice cream, pistachio pudding, Reuben sandwich, half and half milk, catfish, chili rellenos, gummy beats, lots of: gummy bears, dark side skittles, sprite soda, strawberry soda, milky way, sweet tarts, apple flavored candy and, the one food I like more than anything: Shock Tarts!

It's a "demerit" , a thing of waste, of dead-time. To be more than half a day inactive. It is better that something be done and done well, patiently, and perfectly as at all practice.

Be useful and productive. It should even very well be that those that meet this criteria rather than being *dead timers*, should be given more: more rights, leeway, and higher status. You must *train* yourself to be “mostly active” and give birth to creation. Create, learning to do so well, with patience, day by day, whether or not it's for money. May that be for the majesty of Satan, Satanists, Satanism, Lucifer, Luciferians, and Luciferianism.

Bathe in the luxury of having an idol. Anyone can imitate the one s/he likes, but few delve in, basking in personification. Few live the part. Most just copy, mostly unaware. It should feel good to be the character, even copying his/her accent. What it is, a devil Beezlebug or a detective, what/whoever, feels the part. Feel you are him/her. I call it “personality snatching” and it's the most wonderful thing.

Gather around the most excellent. Fill your purse and control the masses: for creating a new religion is to do what few do but most benefiting, the most reward. A reward greater than a fiction book or a painting at which one stares. Better than a song or poem, how much more said.

During my time in “the hole,” meaning solitary confinement in a small rubber room, where I was for a month, I formulated a list. Not long after that I wondered what the best governmental system was. And the word *Principality* came to mind (rather strong.) Here is “The Principality List,” the best created thing I’ve ever made.

PERSON ONE *Bird, Hand, Staff, Red*

PERSON TWO *Green, Rabbit, Seed, Stage*

PERSON THREE *Bear, Brown, Bee, Cane*

PERSON FOUR *White, Goat, Ring, Thief*

PERSON FIVE *Joker, Swine, Sword, Gold*

PERSON SIX *Red, Whip, Cat, Fairy*

PERSON SEVEN *Yellow, Rodent, Wind, Duke*

PERSON EIGHT *Bomb/ Blast/Wand, Black, Beast, Fox*

PERSON NINE *Dust, Toad, Horse, Yellow*

PERSON TEN *Tiger, Word, Assassin, Creature*

PERSON ELEVEN *Blue, Elephant, Spirit, Stone*

PERSON TWELVE *Purple, Dragon, Mask, Canine*

These exist and circulate throughout video games, movies, and cartoons. For example in *Alice in Wonderland* there is a rabbit, a cat, and creatures. There are many colors in it to make up for the lack of others. In *Zelda* there is a fairy, a pig creature named Gannon, who is a thief. There is a bird that carries you with the flute (wind) and the triform (a stone) actually as with *Zelda* and most things this list points out to many people of the principality. The movie *Legend* has a ring, a sword, a fairy, a horse (unicorn), creatures, and is overset with pan flute music (wind.) There is even a scene showing the hand of Darkness. This list provides a magical element indicative of a Principality, even if simply in meditative form- one can draw in the same.

.. Fight for your rights and bring Satanism to the masses. The climate is just right. I saw a great vision of a deep star coming forth to shatter the crooked cross. I witnessed Death scraping the earth Christians, and calling them forth. Beings coming from afar. God taking all Christian souls and flinging them into a black hole, sealing them. Then Death became just a joker

Then, when all the curses of God are gone, he will rip up the earth like snow, and trample the dirt underneath, much as one begins to seed. Those Satanic strong will see growth but those with no string, first will, they will not. A horse came, first from one corner, and then the next, until from all corners they met in one area. Those that Ya would have trampled will so be, those would be the spiteful, disordinate Christians who would have to have power over them to submit to *peace*. *With the rise of a hand then will God pull forth his own, and with a hand out they will be, one by one, judged with a hammer, rather than to fall back on earth as lightning, or to shine forth in the presence of God always*. Then Satan will rule over all earth, which then is hell, and Ya has given him that power. He will say, "Those that seek me, if they look far enough, will open up windows in heaven. But you will never again be mine." The world will not be the same place. It will be *as hell* is. Whispers will haunt people, and many will speak but whispers. The world around them will never give its true meaning, and people will seek its meaning all their days, for all time. They will sit quietly listening to the sounds of suffering. People will be enraptured and lost in never ending pleasures. And the feast will never end. Those stronger than you in hell will have all power against you, for seldom are two side by side. Fantasy will be the way, for which there is no light. And many will lose themselves altogether.

Leave then your gifts at the altar of Satan, for you know not when this will occur. **Hales-Nema, Amen. So noted in Memory, My Lord.**

The good man would fight with all his might but most cautiously one who has made himself King over him and his family.

The good man would be friends with those bullied, and show himself the strength from which that comes.

The good man would help the poor, just a little, those homeless. And good or evil otherwise, no difference, it'll be to his return, even from Satan.

The good man having agreed or arrived at agreement to work, will do so well, and earn pride.

The good man has an open mind. The smart man being unbothered, will pretend to agree.

The good man would work for his future and prove himself to you.

But the bad man will kidnap and rape, and should be destroyed.

And the bad man will force his ways on others, as a dictator, should be destroyed.

The bad man would bully and should be stripped and whipped, while on him his assailant spits

The bad man cares not if others think him lazy and feels he owes nothing, or likewise deserves everything- for free, as privileged. He should be a slave.

For there are two ways to be but many ways to be made.

The four Items of Propagated Luciferians

ONE That all should be self- sufficient

TWO That the sciences be advanced, given progression

THREE That all be productive

FOUR That Satanism be given to the masses

.. If someone asks for a lighter, give him a few matches. If someone asks for a cigarette, put a hole in it. If someone asks for a drink, give her/him nothing at all. And if someone asks for food, give them a cold tasteless dish. Because one and all should be their own keeper- and only their own keeper.

As science advances so comes with it a utopia. Science will produce items of non lethal unobstructable self defense. Science will cull forth good food quickly, much as magic. And science will produce AI and androids that do all and every bit of work- apart from your own choices of work. But greatest of all, science will make us immortal.

Be it all and everywhere people doing *something* and something *good*. Bring unto all people Satanism. The climate is fitting for it. All rights have been strengthened- but it. Satanists are very noticeable. It would never take much to air it far and wide. Whether or not some Satanists are real or "manufactured," they are better to have around.

A ruler might think, what if I did things the worst way? What if I made the worst decisions?

A writer might think, what if I made my book the worst way? What if I did everything wrong, but the wrong way right?

A movie writer may think, what if it had what no one wanted? What if I make the wrong way the right way?

A singer might think, what if I make a song everyone would hate, but do that right?

A gambler might think, what if the lesser used cards gave the better chance? What if my odds at first are less, that my better odds come?

A software developer may ask, what if I make a software just quickly, but essential, one few want, but not even they have? Or what if I make software good that is otherwise unwanted? What if I program it with a code no one uses? Or what if I made the all time worst software? What if a large number of them is more important? What if others can take it and fix it, at a price? And what if my game is just the most obnoxious, bizarre, different, and unusual kind of thing?

What if one at NASA said, no, we aren't going to Mars, but Venus?

What if Ford said, what if we make the most bare bone car ever? Or what if we make the ugliest car imaginable?

What if, when picking glasses, or clothes, you opt for the ugliest ones available?

When people don't do the ordinary and in fact do the most outlandishly different thing possible, a relative sonic boom goes off in the stale air. All those things that, though should be done, are not, will be. It provides an area for fixing and improving things, sometimes. It puts forth a whole new canvas. It brings forth new painters. It brings up differences, of which we need. It does what others do not. It brings up a challenge- that, when otherwise altogether dismissed, is instead taken, from which people improve. And most of all brings forth "chaos magic," which the Warlock may use.

..Better days come from better nights, leading to better mornings. What was once called "counting your blessings" was taken by Satanic therapists and applied under the simple but descriptive and accurate word "gratitude." Use the time you begin to settle and rest at night exclusively for *you*. First, relax, take in good things. Then, as you lay down, be grateful. Have proud thoughts, as much as you can, even much. Bask in comfort. Think on the bright side- how everything is well even *how* bad things aren't so bad, even well. I mean, even bad things have their bright side. You will have pleasant dreams, but know, sometimes in your dreams it is both good and necessary to face your demons. Be grateful you are up for a new day having expelled the deadness of sleep. Though with the question if sleep is like death, well it may be, but more importantly, you have a soul.

You could go up into the astral plane, in many ways but what goes up must come down. We came from "below," to where we are now. We *practice* going up, until up we remain, to go up again. Though, it is true that some go back down. That is the obscure meaning of "The Bottomless Pit," they will never reach Heaven. They will stay below for all time!

A dead earth it is, driven into one and one of one thing. Society over time settles. It settles into something so thoroughly that, like stale meat, it is cold and dead. Occasionally comes spice, but the meat is putrid. People will not admit to it, whether to themselves or others, but nonetheless it is so.

God can do many things but could he at least give to the rain some sun?

God can do many things but could he at least give food to his starving son?

God can do many things but could he at least demand less?

God can do many things but could he at least supply his very son?

God can do many things but could he at least have the stars counted?

God can do many things but can he at least provide further away planets?

God can do many things but could he at least take down an obnoxious Christian?

But Ya is not that way. If we are to understand Solomon with any effort we will come to know the world Ya put us in is defunct of any true, lasting pleasure. The very world itself is meaningless. And so God takes up a position of meaning in life under his sun that is otherwise unfounded. But I, oh how I, find all of the greatest things, the most wonderful and untrite, here on Satan's earth (Nazia.) Be goodness and wealth ever by my side, evermore.

.. No one should really *know* where the Satanic Churches are- much like the Beast's Palace in the movie *Krill*. Without a permanent long term fixture it will remain elusive to which none may deconstruct or even destroy. Rather make two together, or a traveling group *Church*. Freely change where its meeting/ congregation is. Wherever there is open air.

But as for a Luciferianism church let there be some difference. Owing to the fact of Lucifer being an Angel and Satan's right hand man, he should have a firmly rooted and consecrated area- one that stands strong upon earth in deep defiance of Ya. Let his church be known worldwide and as his Church stands, so do its followers.

.. Take Ya as an interfeerer. One meddlesome in your life. One is irritated from jealousy that you don't choose his side/won't worship him. He wants to creep in. He is a creep! He needs all and everyone to carry "his weight." He provides no real reward in return. Rather, he feels somewhat lousy to punish you, for it is like punishing someone who

doesn't like you. He is lost by words on how to make you his own. And he tries to be settled with having less. But he cannot. He must have it all. In fact in the future he'd have you bow down to him, whether or not you fever him doesn't matter. He *must* be followed, if even through fear and threat. Know ahead of time he doesn't deserve it. And choose to worship the Beast. Just that whenever you bow down to anything, sing in your head, *London bridges falling down*.

.. Where and what of the gray? Since the beginning, I am aghast, the "gray," that which is both good and evil, is almost altogether absent from books, movies, games, religion, and- anywhere, just about. It would be like if a human gave birth to a person both girl and boy. I suppose that sometimes is, even in human physical reproduction, yet we seem entirely unable to produce a good hero- villain. Or a "gray ending," that although Superman can't lose to Lex Luther, he can be humiliated, so much that he must leave earth. They'd use gray magic. They would be right- makers. That *they* say what's *enough* right. It's like they do good in a bad way and in a bad way do good, but that the ends would justify the means. It's like, "well that's good but it's bad too, but it's good enough." And the character knows all along what he's doing, it causes greater good, or a greater evil as long as he comes up to delineate it. So from wherever gray things could be, a gray Jedi, a gray witch, or anything really, it comprises a lot of materials and ideas not yet used and very well makes for the interesting.

.. Don't exercise. Instead of walking just take a ride. Sit whenever you can. Why *not* just sit in life and relax. Exercise may get your blood pumping, and strain your brain. In some ways exercise is bad for the brain. You don't really live much longer when you do. Who knows when or where or why you will go, anyway. So much better it is to sit and relax in life. How much more stress. It imparts a natural meditation to just sit around. If you have to take a long walk, try to sit along the way, doing nothing.

.. Don't eat nasty food, food you hate, even if it makes you starve. Hunger has a way of going away. You can live about 6 weeks without food. When you taste food you are letting your brain know what it is.

.. Be you all one together, in a number of 4 to 8 a perfect mix, as alchemy of a group golden.

Be you all one together, in a number 4 to 8 a perfect mix *as* a garden of Satanic Eden. Be you as two as bronze. Remove one from you to create silver. Be you many together an encyclopedia, one to his knowledge, another to her's. That is majestic Satanism.

.. Losing moves come from a novice. But to reach expertise at sports or games that are dross, accomplishes nothing. Basketball and football, golf and tennis, what do they really prove? That's why if I watch a sport it is either boxing or martial arts. But what are far greater challenges, things that do more, than sports or chess. How much more productive is an engineer, a scientist, an inventor, and a neurologist. It's the easy way, to

be an entertainer, as it is only in the doing, continually, over a long period. There's no work to it- just do. Just do until you do. Throw the ball into the hoop day after day. And sure many would howl and rave, and much money gained. But there are greater things to accomplish.

.. When you pray to God it matters who you are and how you do it. If Jesus' words were right, that faith will provide anything, then pray to a star, and having faith, it will be done. For when you wish upon a star, it makes no *difference* who you are. But let me tell you a secret: that song and the movie it came from God made for Satan.

If I have one idiom it is the simplistic "Be Liberated." Loss of all inhibition cures many a mental ailment. Loss of inhibition and restriction sets you free. If you can do this in private you would free your mind. But if you do this in public you would free both your mind and your soul. To release all social tension until it can not be found restructures self esteem entirely. Act like a child in public. In public, say what you never normally would. In public, dance around. They who see you are no more seen as a fool than the person's fool being exorcised.

.. When we look up at the night time sky we see stars from Heaven. Ya set forth each star for those his best, if not always loved. Lucifer is the morning star. And Ya fiery to the princes of Hell the eight planets. Satan he gave earth. Lucifer, Venus. Though these appear as stars, they could be related to them. In the center of the universe God put Lucifer and his angels. But they were recently set free. I sometimes say, well Pluto is not really a Disney character, either. Satan in fact made Pluto through magic. Ya made for Satan, earth, certainly so. As for the foremost, did God make the stars and they are the windows of heaven, each looking down unto earth. A black hole is hell. But there is also a hidden hole in New Mexico leading to hell. And the crystal stones upon earth are fragments left by these "gods," most of which are devils.

The Devils were once told to walk the Earth and give it crystals. As for gold it came down upon the earth in falling stars/ meteors and such. God took a portion of Heaven, set it forth, decided it out, and cast it down. He did this before Adam and Eve. And one of the particular reasons he made Adam *and the human race* was that he wanted it used and appreciated. For what good is diamond without man? What is gold without him? God gave earth its seeds needed to grow like a catastrophe, which in time stabilized. He would also feed the animals, for a millennium, and because of it the species diversified. As for crystal rocks, they are a mysterious thing indeed, carrying the souls more at *likeness, image*, of gods, and most often devil- gods.

From whoever you are paid you are under their rings and maybe even significantly under their whim. But the one with a lot of money will have power if he so chooses to use it toward those ends. Having lawyers and more resources and less control, they will do so much more than those poor. If you are paid by the government through SSI you are expected to accept subjugation through the mental health system (especially if you

are mentally I'll.) And you could even be *forced to take medication*. That medication corrupts the mind that after being on it for some time without it, you are *then or worse* what it is needed to treat. But if you have money you have power and however anything may be done, they can be done in one way or another, even if you have to go elsewhere, fully loaded with money on your trip, where it is legal.

Don't at all give people what *you* want to give them. Rather give them what *they* want. Many would- be visionary, revolutionary musicians are trying to be entirely new, better, and it doesn't get them anywhere. They want to do something not done. It's not done for a reason. There is all kind of perfection and orderliness that is just really its own imperfection and disorder. If they want a dragon, give it to them.

If so much as one of Ya's teardrops falls down upon something, its entire structure is changed and undone. It could be the darkest place in hell, a sex slave being ravaged, that Ya chooses, in such a rare circumstance otherwise, to either pull the person out of it or lay them to rest. These die in abnormal ways. They die in ways no one otherwise does. Or a person comes along who was actually an Angel of Ya to report suspiciousness to the police. They actually had no more proof, like, saying, "He had two daughters he needs to be checked out." And Ya rescues this vehement victim.

.. When a Christian goes about he or she would force upon others Christianity to the greatest extent possible. They think the weirdest things, like, "they are lost sheep," "They have not the light," "I must shame them with a lake of fire, an ever burning hell. Because they don't have the light," and, "They are languishing in sin." They are quite sure that we are miserable. That we are painfully missing something. Their Christ *died* for them and we don't care.

.. May you come into a good home on the earth. A place apart and hidden in a land of magic. A land magical, hidden, where science has broken the barrier and fantasy becomes reality becomes fantasy. In a pleasant place you'll be, I promise. It will even come on its own. When you arrive, put your purpose into action, serving Satan. Be restful and rest fully active all your days in Nazia, The Devil's Earth.

.. When you see an eye looking at you on a TV, or a painting, you are being looked at by a demon. When you hear something seeming about you, it was meant to be heard.

.. Sword Worship is the exoneration of battle, crime, and turmoil. Conflict and disturbance, wars and crime, are items of Sword Worship. It's to revel in bad news. It's to wait and anticipate bad things to come, and fully bask and celebrate their occurrence. Then the Chaos magician shines. Then the victors rise from the Earth. It is if nature destroys nature to overcome.

He who treads is given every way

He who plants will have good food

He who takes will be made slave

He who overcomes with The Devil's Sword will become a legend

He who flees will be the hunted

He who saves his possessions, guarding them, will remain with the earth

He who goes to heaven has not his own way

He who remembers, better does again

He who forgets does nothing twice

.. There was a time when God was not a prominent being. He needed to have little to no part on earth. Then he became enraptured with Moses and became attracted by the idea of creating a story around himself. Christ had come and God. He had used him to enhance his story, though there was no real truth or true substance to it. He just fit Christ into a spot irresistible. May it be known, Ya is a sucker for attention who puts people on his own stage. Christ came and went. He thought, 'why not add an element to this? I will make Islam.' Some of the time he just wandered around the Earth, somewhat distracted. He touched ground with Gangs Kahn but never really could touch ground with Asians. Ya doesn't like them. And now he wants the story to end with a big bang. He assured us it would be soon, but he loses track of time, being consumed by his story and where it flooded everywhere. "It'll be soon!" He said, but it wasn't. He really doesn't know what to do with it and he simply wants it to be done perfectly, the end of which the saints and all people of the earth, everyone whatsoever, sings His praise and glorifies Him for all time.

.. If one were to take even a little time of the day to intellectually develop they would far exceed modern man. To learn a little here and there would throw you to the top, if it isn't something as useless as simple facts, but instead useful, applicable knowledge. That's good and well, but not on its own. I have a rabbit where I do not take a drink or puff up smoke without thinking of an element from a game or movie. I choose that my memories circulate themes within them (games and films.) Also, I might think of something based on the letters of the alphabet. And also I have cards that, when shuffled, randomly say to think of something. A true game of intellectual solitaire. But the best technique I developed is to look at random words from a dictionary and with each word remember something.

.. It is good that one anticipates their successor. If they can envision and idealize them, they can become them beforehand. It is *The Devil's Shadow, or at least (for the best)* made that way. It is *The Devil's Sword, or at least* (and for the best) a thing to own and a formidable thing to use. And *The Devil's Mirror*. Do you see yourself reflected in Satan? And what do you project? Do you yet shine forth as a Star? Can you be your own light?

If so, you have come very excellently far and are indeed a diamond ring, which He wears, as you are then His in every regard.

.. A woman can be a great doctor. A woman can be a great author. A woman can be a great artist. But no woman is as great, useful and needed than a whore or sex object. None are more on his mind, than they are.

.. The Satanic Master Worker gathers together pieces from ages past: from an old rare book or music, lost old philosophy, certain techniques, wherever good can be culled from the world left by previously forgotten men. He assembles them as new and, giving them new power, births them much as a god, with reward to their ensuing, returned power. In the past people have thought incredibly, forming things like language and music composition. Not nearly as much anymore. Some of these things, quite incredibly, were forgotten or remained unfinished.

.. The Roman Coliseum put Christians in the lion's den. What fault was this of them? Does it not only make sense? Christians assume their cross-leaping Christ would protect them from all malice and persecution. But no- he regards it a blessing that they be persecuted. That they rake up that cross and go its way. For us the prey, much a sadistic matter. They are our toys and our's to test and challenge. How else would they obtain the reward? Who are we to deny them their stature and greatness of Christ? And why would *we* be at fault? Having Christians is OK- real Christians are harmless, and at worst a bit annoying. But that's only when they are real, not hypocrites.

.. Here comes that rain again. Ya is a God like a friend that some days he has a great gift but most of the time he's a total asshole. You'd be walking to another friend's house and down comes rain, soaking you. Your other friend sees you soaked then he gives you some new clothes. You go to God again and feel you are showing off and thinking too proudly about your clothes. So you put back on your old clothes and God says thanks. He says He knows you are hungry so sit right there. About an hour later He comes to you with plain bread and beans and says, "eat up, I know you're starving." And then He goes to his room and starts to sulk. There is a great storm and the power goes out. You kinda want Ya to fix it but you dare not ruffle His feathers. Instead you just assume He must be angry about something or someone, kind of hoping it's not you, but it's probably about everyone, so you let it be. The lights come back on and you say, "thank God? And then God comes up to you and says, "Get the f**k out of my house! You will *burn* as hot as fire can burn! You and yours will be cursed, thoroughly, for generations to come! There will be no relief for you! You and your loved ones will be trampled over and crushed, turned to dust! My word has come upon you this day!

.. I used to walk a certain way. When I lose my attention on things, I still do. It's like a child. It's a childish walk, swinging up and over my legs, usually. A person once said to Mr, "I wish I could walk that way," and an old man said to me, "THAT'S F***ING

EVIL!" But so much more I must seem unusual, I'm sure. I would sometimes just burst out into tears and loudly cry in the streets. I was thinking about my Father.

Sometimes I'd tilt my head and wobble forward, purposely losing balance, as if to fall, and laugh my certain way. Not as a mad man, or some cheesy villain, though.

Sometimes I tilt my head to one side, then the other. And back and forth and back and forth.

Sometimes I have my belt hanging like a tail in front of me and kick it with my left and right side of my foot. And sometimes I take on an accent, unawares.

But of all the fun things I ever did the most fun was walking into a protest on camera, lifting my arms in a forward circle and singing loudly, "When you wish upon a star, makes *no* difference who you are, everything your heart desires will come to *you*." I did this pointing at everyone around, if only to get on camera.

I also gave sermons on the street, which have caused others to call me, among other things, "the perfect Satanist," "brighter red than the sun," "the Satanic Buddha," or less appealing, "that Anti Christ mother fucker."

If my life had one time of a greatest change, then I couldn't imagine times greater than when I decided to come back to San Francisco and pull myself out of the sea. Also, I'll tell you, about a Satanist that said of me, "people are calling him inhuman, He's walked for two days straight now."

I was attempting to leave town. But I learned I couldn't. I set off to walk from San Francisco to San Jose. After walking for two days, without the smallest moment of rest, I thought I arrived. But turning from one corner to another I looked down. There under foot was Market street. I had walked in an exact circle for two days.

I was given a grim message to stop one night, when, laying down (awake on some stairs) a man approached me, sacked me in the jaw with a pipe and said, "stay home! Never leave again!"

.. If you look for something for long enough you will find it. Much as a refugee from heaven you rebelled, and are with us now. Will you close the matter of damnation and suffer with us? Or will you betray us and open your heart to enslavement (Christ)? He will go out of his way to find you, lifting every stone. He will gaze into the darkness and long for your soul. When all other means are exhausted he, who owns everything, will offer you great things if you just be his. His heart will long for you to be his. If you reject him, there will be rage. Being the Son of God he will go to his Father and say, "he still has his own way!" he will fit and rage. "I want him now! Give him to me father! Make him mine!" And God will ask, "did you tell him about eternal hell fire?" Yes.

“And he still won’t be yours?” No. “Then we will send grrrreate plagues and fire, fire and locusts and many times continually.”

.. In the dark you are your own light though sometimes other's lights shine on you. But in the light of Christ there is but one light.

Those that can defend themselves with a cool head and a quickly leaving temper, one that runs its course easily, are completely In the right. It's not normal, it's not a good thing, to be a catatonic figure against defense. Say a person is ridiculed or not even so much, but pushed or something, and he doesn't react. He doesn't do anything about it. The nature of a human is to survive and those that don't react to aggression are not behaving normally. There is something wrong with them. Something of the sort of having no life sustaining will to exist.

And so much in regard to other things. It could be a measurable thing of how strong and robust, or there lacking, is a person's "will to life." If s/he doesn't eat, is very skinny, if s person doesn't, "can't" do any work, whether or not and as much or little a person is active during the day- or blank, or overeating, or.. These are all indicators of a person's sustainability and strength of existence, or lack thereof.

But those that live off the thrill of success and have abundant pride are truly living people. Obviously there is life and death, however what about the strength of life? A presence of life more or less capacitated and energized. People could juggle and rearrange so much of their life but what do the master workers do? They make life as abundantly joyful and electrified as they can. Usually one step at a time- unto a better whole.

There are some that see life in brilliant vibrant colors. With more to examine of such and divisions thereof will not at all quickly be material exhausted. And the zest and strength of life I have studied for some time. As RPG games ate so often referred to as Satanic, it is fitting these be represented by Final Fantasy Six stats, which are:

HP, MP, Strength, Speed, Stamina, Magic Power, Magic Defense. Attack, Defense, Evasion, Evasion, and Hit Rate.

The World and Existence Attachment Scale covers 12 degrees (those above) Which can be as weak as zero (also called unattained) to full potential (99.) A person has to have come to a certain point before it is beyond the threshold of Zero. At one or above it has sufficiently. Those that have *broken through*, surpass zero. This scale measures four types of the thirteen. They are: past, future, presence, and power.

HP is a person's physical health.

MP is a person's mental health.

Strength is a person's capability, or ability in doing.

Speed is a person's quickness with doing

Stamina is the person's constant doing, the ability thereof

Magic Power is the person's mental capacity.

Magic Defense is the person's natural, unintended, but present self defense.

Attack is the person's output ability

Defense is his overcoming (or you can say outreaching)

Evasion is to refute defeat, even from yourself

Hit Rate is to hit the target, to put point on (to do just right)

When you are sure you have gotten better at one of these, then raise yourself by a point.
When you reach 99, begin over.

With four different colored candles dripping over a Satanic doll (one plastic, perhaps a troll, or a devil- looking action figure) its wax. *That* is you. Bit to disperse substance of yourself upon it, making a separate entity, after you reach 99 points (this could take months) and the doll is smothered in wax, put it into a cube and right on all six sides a name. It'll be a magical name. Magical names are derivatives of other words made into new words, together. Imagine (conceptualize) each name imparting a distinct personality. How it talks, how it behaves, how it acts (e.g., is a type of person, anything from circus performer to music conductor, teacher, detective, police officer, judge, and so on.) The magic name execution is in itself a powerful working of magic. Put those names on *one* piece of paper inside the cube. Fold it six different times.

Turn it on a new side for six days and you are done. Put it back on its original side. For each side up day by day say, "I am (that magic name.)" On the following day bring forth desire perpetuating the same unto the sixth day. Then on the seventh day expel raging emotion to fuse it into existence. Finally, burn the paper inside the cube to ash and you're done.

That ritual I have been performing for nearly three years, with great success.

.. Oh for the emergence of Satanic iniquity and evil. Like those of old that sacrificed on top of a trapezoid for the gods to exuberate. Satan *does want* Satanic killers- Satanic sacrifices. I'm speaking the evil of evils few would ever know, like those things done in a well hidden Satanic Sabbath- or cult. Where the Black Goat sits with them and the moon- it is evil, and the stars, penetrating, and the wind goes forth in solemn darkness. Where in the world, it is not so much the same- mechanical, but rather dark and

mysterious with a strong foot planted therein. Where there are magic powers. Where there is a grave.

It is to bring forth material manifested and culled forth from the 80s. That decade was intensely Satanic. Nearly everything about it. Even the kid cartoons. I have gathered much of it. My childhood was Satanic. Best of all the "Satanic collectibles" one could source (I found it so with careful inspection) are *Del Rey* books from the 80s. Not a moment sooner. Not a moment later.

Actually my childhood as a young Satanist is a brief story I like to tell.

I was eight sitting down with two friends in the school cafeteria. They went back and forth from the fascinating topic of witchcraft. This black magic Patrick used crippled someone. Seth, who was my best friend, was a Devil- Worshipping metal head. We often draw gory, murderous images with sigils along with it. So he elaborated on it. I was obviously interested. He said to go into the library, they have black magic books. And they did! One in particular I milked a lot of Devil- Worship from. It was *The Encyclopedia of Magic*. In it were scenes of the Black Goat above witches. So I grew up early being a Satanist. Loved so much Satanic (am I expected to be Devilic or something? I don't know if you are from LaVey. Hey what did the Clown say to Spawn) anything was good, and used fully, even brightly! I created a glass Ouiji board painted with nail polish. I immersed myself into metal, all of everything from *Slayer*, *Danzig*, *Morbid Angel*, and *Death*. I was genuinely and very naturedly evil (so far as to nearly murdering my parents for Satan.) Most importantly I *felt* a presence of evil in my life. It is an emotion almost better than pride. But nothing is. I wanted to be in a Satanic Devil- Worshipping cult. But slowly, over the years, I became immersed in LaVeyan Satanism. And became quite strange. For example, it is blatant for a LaVeyan Satanist to speak an opinion not asked for. I felt like I could never share my opinion. He caused me to think, act and speak strange to the point that a real Satanist, a friend said, stop acting like a moron! Which I was. I was always talking about misanthropy (severe hatred of everyone) and how vandals should get their dicks cut off and when someone was interested in what was devil worship I went into long discourse of the "real" affair of "Satanism" being atheistic and doing nothing wicked. And I stopped watching Satanic movies like ghoulies and *Omen* and took up reading Mark Twain and other popular things during LaVey's days. His generation was the 40s, so he had us listening to Beethoven and wordless music. My first impression of the Satanic Bible was that I needed a dictionary. That Satan and such is absent from it, and it taught little to nothing I already didn't already know. It seems an underlining theme in his books is "sex is okay" there's 26 pages that have only two or three lines. The book overall was 40% or so of another book by someone else called *Might is Right*. LaVey, in the way he isolated, put forth many rewards, many qualities of isolation. Sometimes he called it "individuality," some places else " exclusivity," and yet another, "non- herd mentality." Isolation is by far and wide a thing that religions use to control and pigeon hole. People that are

LaVeyan Satanists are completely weird. They go off into deep discourse in defense of it and their articulation is unconventional and bizarre. He said he created His Church for the “non joiners,” he was a con artist and a liar. Yes! He lied often.

I’m a Devil Worshipper and LaVey is just no fun. “Satanists are *not* Devil Worshipers! “

Devil Worshipping is unique to its user, and is a creative process. And one rewarding, in many ways. For me, no faith is necessary. I have gone the right way and long enough to procure real demons and even Devil Himself in my life. I have seen Satan. I have seen demons. And both I have heard. I’ve also seen visions, though I’ve never taken drugs. So to me these things come. If I was Satan I wouldn’t like the LaVeyan- Satanic, either.

Those that hate you make you famous.

Those that dispute you must be kept right.

Those that challenge you can’t let you be better than them.

Those that immerse in the popular are ever changing.

Those that are theistic are right.

Those that are atheists can’t see the forest for the trees, nor the ocean from the sand.

Those that argue and bicker hate your crown.

They that listen to all people are deceived by none.

There are none altogether above you. But the one that thinks so is alien to himself and you.

.. Ew I hate getting up early in the morning! I had court today. I chased someone with a dull dagger a few years ago, after being bullied, severely. I yelled “It should be illegal to harass the mentally ill, especially if they’re homeless!” then went to jail and the state psych hospital for two years. Still going to court, which is actually kind of fun. I’m encouraged, but dammit I hate to get up so early, pressured, because if I miss court- I could be sent back.

If I had just a few rules for my house, none at all over bearing,

Don’t speak for more than two minutes at a time

No noise

Give me a lot of space

And work creatively

I WILL smoke

You WILL NOT take my ice or tea!

Bring a gift when you come

Pretty simple. I think better without a blaring box. Throughout the day I consume large amounts of iced tea. I feel better knowing those around me are being productive. And who wouldn't want a gift, like being honored.

Pretty much only the tardy empty headed couldn't do these. Or maybe more like the fat headed. My best friends have always been either crazy/ crazy mentally ill, or mentally lesser.

If you don't have the time of day to do anything productive I really don't want you around. I once lived with a devil. One most like Mammon, if you need a comparison. A big pot bellied devil that spoke like a dragon. Most would know what I mean when I say, "he spoke like a dragon." And we enjoyed cooking. And yes, devils can eat food. He'd walk quite far to get it and always had a good meal made. Much as I ever was I was writing and some of the best things I say came from him. He had me rehearsing Mormonism. He was, not in actuality but by costume, a Latter Day Saint and in fact at one time a missionary. He had a lot to teach, really. One day he pointed his finger at me and said, well he often pointed at me but with a limp finger. It really was less offensive that way.

.. I used to wander all over quite into far stretching places, in the course of a day or so, sometimes camping. One day I came across an abandoned trailer far into the desert with dead bodies inside. The trailer was partially set on fire and there was a lot of loose soil where a truck must have sped off. I looked around inside and by removing a drawer I found some thick set of papers crunched up within. Taking the papers and going home I later looked at them. On the first page was a magical alphabet, an effective one that appeared to be a mix of reverse runes and letters, and certain letters like A, D, L, and S looking like snakes. The S was a forward snake, the a like a back word snake. The overall appearance was strikingly different when writing into what looked like the Hebrew letters from a Baphomet Sigil. (They had that shape and form.)

A small dictionary of significant high- ruling demons:

Abaddon- THE destroyer. Like from the hidden underlying theme of "destroyer," in the Holy bible. He is sent to destroy.

Adramalech- Adramelech is a demon that is best suited for night time rituals including black candles, or of one that's a different color, but also black. He likes a crest image and is with those carrying a sword. He will devote himself to those that look for him in the dark yelling out his name.

Apollyn- Apollyn likes honey and as with other demons can taste what you taste. He also likes competition, being the best, a loyal friend. What he doesn't like, even so very much hates, is being ignored. If you choose to worship this demon you must remain with him, or pay the price. On the other hand his followers are greatly benefited by him.

Ashtaroth- He comes as a spirit on horse, trampling the earth and all in his way underfoot. He is often hired by Satan to execute a quick, powerful purpose. He serves little more than change and urgency.

Azazel- Often personified as a cat or toad, though much less often a butterfly, unless he is in a state of personal transformation. He is a demon that imparts personal transformation, playfulness, or, as a toad- can aid your magic.

Baal- Baal is actually the demon of *bail*. He also is a judge that determines if you are substantially well enough for the ranks of Satan.

Ballam- He is a demon that comes into wandering minds, and is drawn out on paper or naturally released with creativity. He is good to call upon for creative endeavors as he sparks the imagination spuriously, and relaxes it that you perform not your own, but his own.

Bast- Bast is a demon that is good in fortifying a purpose, to establish a path, to work out a good contract. He is a demon used in forming a Soul- Selling Contract to Lord Satan. Employ him to have a good start on a new thing, such as a Satanic group.

Behemoth- Behemoth twirls one down into a fire, consuming them, as he could go to your enemies, if you appeal to his help. He is represented as a Bison, a pig, and a wolf. He is in the presence of fire.

Belial- Belial confounds and confuses. He twists and contorts. He over blends into destruction. But as an ally he can bring clarity and rearrange things. He likes those behind bars and often finds his companions there. He is also good to employ in helping with studies. He likes magic used in his name, with him at the forefront.

Dagon- "Dragon the Dragon" will perfect speech and communication, but may in the meantime make you go mad, lost in the details and intricate meanings of what you say.

Emma- NOT emma- o. Emma is a demon that comes and goes like the wind, even literary. If you are in the right magical atmosphere you can "catch" its spirit, and it will be of good use for some time to come, until its energies dissipate.

Hecate- She is a demon that brings you together with either a partner or group, but more significantly, and much less common, marries one with Satan. She is best celebrated with sweets. Particularly cookies and cake. Where things are festive, she more likely will be.

Ishtar- It is very uncommon that Ishtar communicates or resides around humans. When he is, it is someone of great importance and/or rich, as he thrives at working purposes through them. But those that are should try to gain his assistance.

Leviathan- He is a demon dwelling in the deep seas. Depending where it is creates areas of profound thinking- and often insanity along with it. He makes some *so* intelligent that they lose their minds. And sometimes wrecks havoc on governmental systems. He is usually in the Asian sea. In Jesus' days it was off coast. And now, for the time being, is in the ocean near California.

Lilith- Lilith likes bats and owls and is especially conducive toward her own altar, at least for the time being. She wants to reach out to greater things and as such can be compared to Ishtar, to whom she is partnered, something like an intense companionship. For women and men both, she aids the powerful enactment of sexual powers and prowess.

Loki- He's a joker and muse. He is intolerable to most but works magic through the hands of those seeking power.

Mammon- Mammon is identified with wealth, more accurately the spirit and drive toward it. He is a gatekeeper when it comes to sin and entering the place of demons. Those needed kept away, he steers into the wrong direction. But those freely, guiltlessly (without guilt) sinful, he'll let through.

Malich (not Maloch)- Maloch is a demon and a demon's spirit that leads you down certain paths most conducive of success and the Satanic. He is known by hell as their Satanic Sheppard.

Nergal- Nergal is the ideal demon, or demonic *spirit* most conducive toward wisdom. He expands the mind and can send you to meta- dimensional places. He can be summoned to meet other demons in areas your mind does not know of itself how to go. If you lose touch with reality in absorbing his mixed energies, chant *Neti Neti* until you come back. Doing so brings in a "correcting" mind mold.

Pan- Pan is a demon that is anywhere there are festivities. If you imagine and concentrate on him being there, he may come. He represents the celebration of Satanic victory and success thereof, where he will appear.

Samael- Samael actually rules over hell more than Lucifer or Satan. But sometimes to fully rule is not to rule altogether: and he rules over *Satan's*, not *his own*. He is a finely dressed and vested being. He's outstanding and wise, and well balanced over all. Come to him as a friend and with comradery. If he is ever strict it's because he wants better.

Shiva- If any devil were my best, it is her. She is like a mad indigent dancer. She indulges, fiercely, she conquers -fiercely. She takes pleasure and she rules with pleasures all around.

Tchort- Tchort- is a spirit of old. He currently resides like a rock, resting, but once commanded great armies. He plotted to make the world Satanic, and Ya put him into rest. But the time will come when the world is made Satanic, and then he'll awake and celebrate, and we will celebrate and come to worship him.

Thoth- Thoth records things. He preserves important Satanic things. He counts the worth and legacy of the Satanic and arranges for the godly blessing and remembrance of them. It is to serve him, to erect a gift or a memorial.

Zebulon- He is a demon of his own small circle, his own hell, acting independently and creating *his* hell. Consider him in a position that only the incredibly best could enter, and while there profoundly excel- *this* much like the boot camp, the training camp of hell. They are the true Hell's Elite.

.. Songs of old can impart magic. They have been a storehouse of energies drawn in and out, once widely listened to, but now not so. In order to draw in these neglected, needful energies you may look at old song books or weed through old songs bringing them, suddenly, back to life. It is a way to speak to demons that they are sung in the open air, alone, and around people conducive toward demonolatry.

.. With Jesus you will not do your *own* work. You will be made perfectly possible doing *his* work- you will be a *rock* and not your own. Jesus wants yourself himself. And he wants others as himself to be mainly mindless drones- much like *The Borg*. Kind of like zombies.

.. I once met the Devil at "Zia Hotel " in Clovis, New Mexico where I lived for three years. My life became entrenched in the presence, the state of being, in "Hell." I summoned my existence into hell and shortly after inadvertently brought *Dragon* into my life. He treated me much like my son. He said when my (biological) father died he'd be back. In the meantime we ate a private feast and drank and sang and plotted. Plotted such devious things. He said he was there to stay a month, and was about to make a bug bang (somewhere, not revealed.) When I called up Hell a lot of cats came. They'd collectively purr, very loudly. The other room was occupied by a demoness (name unsaid.) To my left, Dragon, to my right, her. Dragon told me he brought her for me and she'd only stay as long as he would be there. They changed the radio to be about me and her. For example they played a song about Adam (my birth name) and Eve. And a song *Come to my Window*. At first I was a little nervous. But I played the radio and heard her voice say, in my mind, she likes my music. As with the sexual things involved, that was nothing less than great.

Smoking a smokedy- doo. Now I'm smoking a smokedy- do with the others. I want a bigger smokedy- doo. So I get a newspaper and roll snipes from the ground, a giant smokedy- doo I call "A Satan." I breath in the smoke *holding it in*, and say, "oh hell, what a wonderful place.

I see sin that's bright

Red roses hue

I see the skewed

For me and you

And taking a bite

Of

I pet my little demon and tell it "knew knew knew! Eat it up little guy!"

.. A person needs not look far to find a demon, for they are all around. If they don't manifest themselves to you then they probably have no reason to. But the Satanist that can have him/ herself noticed, they will be, especially if they are incredibly out there on the Satanic stage. You won't always be sure if you've come across one, or one come across you. But perhaps consider what they say. They seem to know more about you. They even seem strangely able to read your mind. One time I was looking for that scripture about Lucifer in the Holy Bible and a passer by said "Isaiah 14. So read it and remember." With me, I am able to hear them even when others cannot. They converse with me and comment on me. It seems like there is a difference between spirits and demons that I can't quite put my finger on. But one morning I awoke to food on my table and heard a spirit, or maybe a demon say, "I hope he likes it!"

.. It really does seem so close to all people successful have been prolific. Prolific painters, writers, musicians.. Their output was large, even enormous, in their lifetime. They had produced enough to hit the target,

.. It may so strongly seem that Jesus' ways ate the right way (of those that follow him.) They *think* they are doing what's so very good and right. They think they are important and doing good. But in fact the *valuable* and *important* the *real saviors* are Satanic people removing them and preventing others from Jesus. They are the true saviors. But they are under-appreciated. Far too seldom will you ever hear "I was saved from Jesus. I was deceived. Christianity makes fanatics. I must save others from the deception of Jesus." Most that are ensnared by Christianity may not come out of it. We must save the Christian.

.. Look at the elements of your life. Are they shining crystals or dross dead rocks? What home do you have in the world if your life in it is barren and dull? And to know these

things well then you will look upon the world and call it your own. It will bring you all things well. Those that are worldly have taken the earth and rejoiced in it, celebrating its every rich gift. To those the Devil provides, and His riches are never exhausted or found lacking. But they that hate the world cannot carry its weight. They suffer day and night to no ends as a nihilist who simply cannot accept good things. And the Earth, Nazia, *Satan's* Earth, it provides them nothing. To live requires work. But to work pays great dividends.

Who would know and bathe in its riches are guiltless. They are in no way thieves, as thieves can't find pleasure without taking it from another. Those that love the earth need not take it from others. Very well not so, they are very well resourceful. They that worship the sun worship Satan. They worship the rivers, as much the same. But he who hates the sin and rivers in no way can find a good thing except that what is taken.

A day may begin as one wakes up as a slug, a pitiful figure for sure, but he who treads the day emb

s luxury. And sleeps in a room bathed in pleasures to bring forth in the morning.

Some during turbulent times excluded themselves in a variable cozy cove producing their *Play Doughs* and *Barbie Dolls*. Some during war found a place to hide. And others that were oppressed formed groups which impart strength, comradery, to which they coincide. Many making these groups were among the "putrid," the "unappreciable," to say the least. More often than not they were Satanic and sometimes even easily identified as such. But what of the others? The Christians and righteously religious? Well for them it was turbulent times.

A Christian as much as any vigorously self righteous types, must fight. *Fight fight fight*. And the Demon here and there have always saved the worthy Satanic. Those walking around in the dark crime- ridden areas sometimes don't know they have helpers. These high ranking powerful "people " in the homes of allies and such places are often demons. They appear as normal people except that so much about them seems powerful and remarkably diabolical, iniquitous. They know *you* are *Satanic*, as much as you are. I once had what I thought could be a friend who was a prostitute. But she stole my money. She said she'd pay it back that night. And as often as I was moving from hotel to hotel, some of the best. I'd moved from the comfort inn, where she introduced herself, to a quite run down hotel, where I needed to be for the moment. I waited until 10 am, at the comfort inn, and took my few things across town to sign into my following place.

It was late at night when there was a pounding at my door. It was that street walker, she came back with my money. I thought it was strange she could just find me like that. But somehow she knew where I'd gone.

What's more, she came to me many years later in Clovis, New Mexico at Zia Lodge. I was "bringing up" hell, changing my environment to it/ bringing it forth, when I went past the yard into the grey- hound bus station/ gas station. And I felt like I was being seen with a person's third eye (much the same as I do when there are devils watching me.) And if they wanted, could enter words into my mind, which she did. And she said she was going to pay me back, which she did, shortly after, with a six girl orgy.

The next day I went to see my three witch friends and their "home- keeping" warlock. The walk was very far but in the morning Lilith visited me and smiled asking me to go. So I walked there, to what I called the little blue house on my little blue rock. That house was directly across from where I was going but first I wanted to visit my (at the time) "Satanic parents." The dog outside, poor thing I have to admit, was raging fiercely on a chain. I walked right up to it. I heard the witches from across the street in their home say, "is that Adam?" Then I heard Will yell "Adam! Come on in!" I walked in and Dianne said, as she usually jokes, "Adam I can't fall asleep!" never really got it. Will said, "Adam, watch the sky tonight. Other than that go across the street."

That I did. I was told they had my book. They approved of it. They said they are going to disperse a few and had me go to the library to have it placed. Which the Clovis library did, eagerly. They gave me a second book and said to study it all night then burn it after the stars fall. Then I knew what it meant, and went home. Though, I'd shred it carefully and flushed it down the toilet. And the stars were very wonderful that night and had me jumping around like a cat in my room. Which may sound strange/ unusual, but sometimes I spuriously personify animals (usually a mouse, cat, or snake.) I tell myself, "I'm a sssnake in the grasss."

.. When you don't want to talk, don't.

When you don't want to give, don't.

When you don't want to rise, don't.

When you don't want to be nice, don't be.

When you don't want to do anything, don't do anything.

.. People are too moral when they are eating. That they don't want to think about what they did and are doing while eating meat seems somehow perverse. Me, when I'm chewing pig, think, "you dead now piggy!" If I'm eating a chicken I imagine I strangled its neck and slammed an axe down it. I take off and rub off the non meat parts saying, "mmm, you're tasty. Take this off and that. I just want to eat your body." And if it's a cow I imagine an electro shock to its brain.

.. Early in arriving back in San Francisco I was looking for a certain place and got lost. I winded down at Bernal Heights and saw an amazing view of the city. I waved my hand

across it and the moment I did I heard Satan say, "For you, my only son." Those words weighed heavily. Actually, I knew I had a wait ahead of me and understood this too well, and not other things well enough. I had shortly after that summon up hell. For the longest period ever. I became lost in it, not being careful, not caring enough to leave. And, in fact, died in it, and was a dead thing until an angel pulled me out. I had been laying down all night "frozen" which is being impossibly stuck and unable to move-like a psychological paralysis, though none actually physical. I had been repeating an image in my head, unable to stop it and move on.

That of a fruit bat, which I "had to" eat, but couldn't. So then I finally arose and thought I was *supposed* to cry about this, but couldn't, but needed to so badly that my eyes were in pain. I went to a nearby chair, a small black metal one, and sat, and bowed, and thought, "Sorry, God." And a man, appearing from nowhere, said, "I knew it would come to this. Get up. Go," he said, pointing to the South, afterwards, feeling uplifted.

.. I imagine the future some more. Imagine an electronic "shield," as they are usually called, an electronic field you can't pass through. It could go up and down, and is electronic. It can go over. It can be used sharply in digging. It could be floors. It could go up and up and higher and higher. It can make shapes. It can deliver things. It can do more than block. It can form into many things and expand from nothing.

.. What good is it to be as all are, together, instead of being *One*? The masses will congregate. Together they rise and together they fall. They are supplemented by others not really ever finding their true tastes or little to nothing apart from them ever enters the door. They collectively agree to collectively be. They are *made* to like and *made* to dislike. And together they live and together they'll die. Yet they are stuck in the time they are in. They cannot call up their own soul or move without the collective. They cannot go forward but that they are led. They never come to know themselves. As a result, they lack creative anima.

Unless you are separated from them, one as you are one, apart, you will not see them the way they are: which are clowns. They are all clowns a dime a dozen but if you are as they are, they all look cool unless they deviate.

.. *Others have no time for petty insignificant things.* My life I have built and thereupon add: new rooms, better walls, and a treasury of the most excellent things. Some of my things I've placed elsewhere for good keeping. But it is all readily available to me. I have a Harley Davidson motorcycle. I have a yellow 96 Mustang. I have a rattle snake skin belt. I have a pure crystal ball on a gold stand. I have antiques one could only imagine. I have a coin of Caesar from ancient Rome. I have a Final Fantasy 3/6 game unopened. And I have a grove of weeping willow trees beside a vacated house.

.. I've lived to see the day! Right here, right now, there resides the perfectly inferior man. He has created the perfect problem to solve- the petty ones. He has reached for the

stars- the dimmest ones. He has set low standards- the lowest, from which he excels. He has learned to cheat, quite well. He has discovered he must be owed. He has tinkered in the backways going arts, unable to leave the abstract fields. His music is quite simple: drums and rap. His movies, from all ideas from before, are now crowned by CGI. So Satanist rise, Satanist rise!

Luciferianism is destined to make a tidal wave. Listen carefully to the ocean.

Luciferianism is destined to fill empty cups over pouring. Drink with us on that day of days.

The day of days is coming, when all across the world, every ear within, will know us and we will never be forgotten beyond that day.

The day of days is coming, when we will openly worship Satan.

The days of days are coming when science will be furled further and God not be God, and in a paradise we will reside!

The days of days are coming when Christ is no more. See? Even now are these days. Science has *partially* given us things of innumerable good. And daily added thereunto. In fact scientific advancement multiplies, not simply adds, but multiplies. Christians are a small petty matter lost in their own world and *none* to be found in the better places (those of the sinner) and he must be kept away if he wants to keep his *own*.

And the days are coming when the good and true, the *good* Satanist will be observed, of which no silence could be kept. We will worship Satan in the open and Lucifer, his son, our Counter Christ, will come and rule with us. *Draw up the presence of hell making it all around. We will rule together in our world and Ya will be no more found.*

It'll not come soon enough. It will be even better.

All my life I've either been offended by or bullied by Christians. If we look at why the Supreme Court established separation of Church and State it was for every good reason. Quite growing up in a "backwards backwater town," I was assailed by Christianity. My principal in middle grade found I had *dared* bring a book of witchcraft to school (Navajo Witchcraft.) Waving a paddle in front of me he threatened to hurt me if I didn't pray with him, which he forced me to do. *F**k you God.*

School in Texico New Mexico was always filled with forced "liberated, unrestrained, empowered" prayer.

It was very much because of it that I came to my utter and so complete denial, refusal, and removal from "Christ " and his. The more power given the Christians the more they abuse it. If they aren't so much anymore it is only because of Separation of Church and State. Science would have progressed little to nothing if it wasn't because of the

separation of Church and State. Christians have always tortured the free thinking, that's for sure, and not lightly said. If not for Separation of Church and State we'd never have left the 50s. Sex would be a revolting thing. Music would have remained much Dorian.

We'd still be in a backwards go nowhere world if it wasn't for SoC&S. Could you imagine? The reason why the world progressed so much so well is because of it. And you know Christians will proudly cheer Newton as their own. The man was threatened with a brutal execution if he didn't proclaim Jesus his Savior and renounce his heretical theories (the sun being at the center of the solar system. Which Ecclesiastes says isn't.)

.. Where would you go if called? What if it's the Devil that's calling? It is always a somber air. We must emerge from a curse. There will be a good day for you, that day you've overcome and find your bearing. Eternality has such a somber dark connotation. That things change, yet remain the same. Though there comes the day we get both feet out of the grave.

And walking away from our graves encounters mud to trudge past. But we must continue walking. Walking away from our graves toward the Sun called Satan. And like the sun no matter where we go He us there.

Take your journey boldly. Refuse to rest until you *don't want* to. To you, better days I pray. To you the best of things.

First the calling. Then the new life. Next the path, the path rough, until you glide. Until you wander. Until you rest. And until you leave, walking again, yet better.

Take that journey as a child and grow. Dance. And learn to freely roam. But keep your heart on the glorious rising sun of Satan. And you will be well and good all of your days, lacking nothing, finding everything.

.. An adult cannot begin to imagine what joy they had as a child. The world was filled with depth and everything was interesting. The world was wonderful and filled with meaning. Toys were fascinating. Amusement parks, heaven. A river or mountain, also fascinating. And candy for a child is so very stimulating.

But as we grow things become more the same. As we come to understand things lose their meaning. And hiking up a mountain loses its place, as nothing more than moss and trees. My dad took me and my siblings on trips. When I was eight I claimed up a mountain I thought for some time was Devil's Peak. This was at a church camp. And each birthday I thought my cake was Devil's Cake. My mom said it was Red Velvet, but that she knew what I meant.

Knowing how much a child enjoys her/ his gifts, I'd rather spend money on them than me. Finding that joy, having it come back, that they have, and I've outgrown, is impossible. It's gone. And it's not coming back

.. Sooner or later we will begin digging underground to occupy it. I had a vision that this was becoming so. People had begun seeing its commercial availability and the massive resource before them. And I saw it catch the interested eyes of demons. I saw Mammon guard it only letting the sinners in, at a certain price. May it be a paradise. Electronically enhanced to a great extent. And it will be our own as I foresaw. This reminds me of the slums of Final Fantasy 7. Or from the movie Total Recall (the original) and likewise many other portrayals of those underneath.

.. Speaking in *demonic* tongues is done by uttering senseless sounds. It was something old Disney cartoons used to do. My most common magical enunciation is a twerk from the "Wonderful Day" one. It's *Do- Pee Da- Do, Do- Pee Do Wah*. Magic enunciation is also incorporated by certain rhymes of simple one consonant, or may two, sounds. Dola, dela dola dayla dola. Or Dava dafa dafa deva dafa. And it helps to know the most magically powerful sounds are Da, Ra, and most of all *Ler*. Say *Ler* loudly and you'll get a sense of it.

How so few walk around in a robe and gold crown! I have, before. But I came to dress advantageously. I thought carefully on how I should dress and dressed that way. I wear black cargo pants, wear durable sandals, wool socks, turtle necks, thermal underwear pants, have an over cosat, have a blue quartz necklace, a mickey mouse watch, a fanny pack, an army clip belt, and arm warming bands.

So I sprayed it in my room, opened the door to leave, and was assailed by aggravating irritation and pain. I submerged my head in water, still there. I thought I had to do something or else die. And I ran in place, vigorously, and was cured. I sweated it out and expanded my lungs.

Probably the most foolish thing I did in life. Other than smoking red peppers and peacock feathers. Or putting a live wire in a cup of water. Pulling a needle from the dumpster. Or burning a plastic pen to produce falling fireballs. Or slitting my wrist, which I got eight stitches. Or drinking a cup of bleach. Or spraying oven cleaner in my mouth, and raid, or spraying raid all over my nude body to rid myself of body lice. But hey, I'm alive and well.

.. With a picture we have caused the present to cease and freeze. We had made time stop. The picture is a piece of the discontinuing. Have you ever thought of that? Do you know what that means? It means we have begun keeping the past with us. Then their video! With video we have captured and frozen a *moving* piece of time.

.. *Creating Pathways* is a study that could encompass great books. It is a process in which you cleverly reach out into the world, expanding your horizons.

A People's Bible would be a good book composed of one paragraph lines of many peoples best views on life (or.)

A Final Fantasy Religion would be a book devoured by many. It would likely be a popular well selling and thoroughly practiced book if done right. It also lends itself very well in being formed into a religion.

A board game could be made that prompts and rewards its player into doing things, such as a chore or better, something useful, something needed and productive.

Devil worshiping games could be created in the style of a séance or its derivative a Ouija board, to the next step. Or as there are many in forms of cards or magic eight balls, and added thereunto.

.. I really don't see how someone could like Batman more than Superman, or the villains of Superman less than those from Gotham. Superman is from an interesting alien race and serves all of mankind. He is invested with powers that are godly. He's not really ever in costume. Batman however, is in this ridiculous bat looking costume like a bat walking around. The music in Superman movies is much better. And that Bat Mobile. They never could get it right. It's either a cheap variation of a Chevy or a ridiculously long stretched out bat appearance car. Riddler- is a moron. Joker- is a haphazardly acting nut. But Lex Luther is the perfect villain- a bald, white, rich and clever master minded character. That's my opinion anyway, but one I'm happy to share.

.. The evidence is all around that life is "freely created." If you look at a mushroom- it is created from shit. It's as though as if everything was shit things would still spur life. Scientists had argued that life could only emerge from specific and strongly necessitated conditions similar to earth. But now they think differently, that life doesn't have to be only had with water. In developing AI we are finding that if nature is somehow just arranged a certain way it would produce life. Like taking metal and assembling it a certain way, usually embedding it with light. If life can so easily come forth then it stands to reason that life can come back, generate elsewhere, differently, return. I used to be afraid of sleep. I thought it was like death. But in simply knowing I had a soul, I no longer cared. See, in anesthesia the mind is temporarily dead, very much so. But somehow you come back! It is like the saying, "what goes up must come down." Being in a coma, or even thought defined as dead: no heartbeat. No brain activity, people have emerged from much as a resurrection.

.. The trodden over make the best allies as they need the most support

The over followed are under followed

The man with no friends would have a best friend

And the under-appreciated are most eager to impress.

But the one who is followed by all, to them he is a slave

And the man with every friend cares for none, only himself

And those that impress all care for nothing they are doing.

The first work of a person was most honest. But the latter works, less so. Those that first created produced with the most sincerity. Though their first work, it is not natural, nor necessarily their best.

A person that aligns himself with topics and things refuted as total trash is like a person from a place far bringing one water in the desert. So he'll survive and together you will conquer. He comes back to his town with friends but can not be overtaken. They have laid it to rest and let it be. But with enough power he avenges. And so his friends are yours and you his best.

.. Only those that are different will produce the new. Inasmuch as they are different they will naturally and normally produce what is different. It comes with no effort, if they are different, apart from current trends and mannerisms. A person that does as everyone else only produces more of the same time after time. They can do no better. They love "their" days. But if one, as a young adult, was enveloped in his time, he has nothing new to offer, just that from before. So it is those never having been enveloped in contemporary, popular things that are the most out- standing.

.. In dealing with belligerent people you don't have to. They are dealing with themselves. In dealing with closed minded people don't worry. They can never change. In dealing Teaching s person to fish is alright, if you don't care about wasting your time. But better yet teach a man to fish for you, and you'll have all things.

..Give people what they want. More of the same. Show a person her/ himself as just a little different. It's like, "hey this is a little different than you. See the way?" Be one blended in. Imagine there is a gathering of ducks. What if a pigeon came in? So be a duck, just with better feathers. Don't be a pigeon trying to be a duck. There's no hope for that. You have to learn how to quack like a duck. You have to say mmm that fish is good. You must wobble up and down to quaky music. You have to know quakery well.

.. If you want to be inspired, look at the stars and moon, they are His. Look also at the greatest of all works, be they whatever, in line to your taste. You really can do just as well. Reach for the stars and triumph over complacency. Challenge yourself, overcome. Lucifer resides there, where many cannot go. Yet he even treads tarring new ground. He triumphs and excels always, with not a drop lost in his magnificent endeavors. On his wings soar and wrap yourself in the wings of demons where you are nursed. For it is in your future to be with them as one.

.. Make your song well, better, a song for ages. Without reaching for the best you will not have the least. In seeking the least, the least you'll get. Baby, nurse your future well at an early age that you may live to see it walk on its own. Walk with it then into things of high stature, a residence most good and complete.

.. Death for a Satanist is excruciating. To embed yourself into the world and bathe in its luxury, fully wrapped in the joy of life and forsaking nothing, the Satanist will agonize in coming to death. Whenever a person dies, be it in any case, s/he leaves behind an essence of themselves. *An Esper*, its last self. And that presence circulates its forces in and out of human beings like a dollar bill.

.. Satanic altars usually are missing idols, such as a Shiva, a Baphomet statue. They are easily acquired, especially now. Those that worship the sword give honor to their ancestors. Worship the sword of Satanic ancestors. Present both upon your altar beside a blood red candle. It truly is an iniquitous sword. One we need.

.. Grow in earnest your life from Satan and produce an excellent work. Distinguish ourselves from those that grow apart from Him. Live in the world with pride, pride earned in doing His work. From the world there is life. With life celebrate joy, and you will never die. Pursue wickedness and iniquitous pride. Dress well and present yourself most excellently evil. If you are weak, tear down walls. Enter into a state of better being and rejoice in His name His Life completely.

Stand apart from the single- way Christians who do not long for this world. Challenge them and be better, firmly planted into the world. Forsake all that is not worldly. Conquer this life as victors are measured out and provided the greatest portion of earth. Theirs is *Nazia*.

.. Satan will rule over His Satanic house, forevermore. Those worthy of living within, great victories. Those that triumph will be consecrated and dwell therein. But the many less will only live in His yard. And many more than that, further on the outside, in His Great City Hell. They will come out, and feast, but feast always within.

He will invite any of good potential, He will call them. But many will not take His call seriously or will be found lacking, and those he will dispel from His presence. But those that thrive in life, they are in a place beautiful, and will be called Devils, and given to rule over a group, or an or a great army, or even a legion.

But those that do not do well enough in service of this life to Him, and do little to none of His work, will be ruled over, and only given scrap.

.. Along the way of iniquity you will be given your due: a highly pleasurable life, a bright life, for sure. But the road of self sacrifice pays nothing, but costs. The road of righteousness is constricting as a snake, as hopeless as flies on Vaseline . One walks the dark road in every good way. But the one who follows Christ is lost in every way.

To us the pleasure of the moon and stars above. To them, God. To us, the Kingdom. For them, God's Kingdom. If one were in the grove of Hell they may know fairies, goblins, but in heaven is no new thing made.

For if they, having fled to safety, or enjoy the earth even as children do, and sacrifice nothing, should the Earth not be theirs? I tell you with certainty they have mastered life and claimed the Earth *Nazia* and should very well deserve to keep it.

But those that do not love the earth are already dross and dead and have no pleasure to give, only seek to expand their sorrow and are even better off dead.

.. Happy and well are those taken by the Devil. He molds them as a perfect clay. He is in the way of their Christian enemies. He is not lost of God, he does his own work going his own way. He has triumphed over the "greater cause," he is removed from evil. He speaks his own words, he hears his own song, he plays it well and he is carved into stone.

.. He said of us, "We will take them." And they put forth the New Testament (of theft.) Receiving us not They raged, "Then We shall burn them. And yet they received us not. We, then, have kept ourselves and have earned a life most triumphant, most honorable.

.. To Ya he is the Father of Destruction, which is destruction serving us. But for us the Devil lies, preserving and keeping us as whole and gifted. Ya marches forth to destroy but is destroyed Himself. He knows not where he leads, is as one most blind.

But the Father of lies imparts a sinless pride. Wherewith no one can measure as He, but through him comes truth, as a mother telling her child a story, a story though untrue is good for the heart and well taken, and taken in love.

But Ya would have himself known: only powerfully, as something selfishly specific, and fear- invoking. And of no benefit to those that hear. To know Ya is to fear him, or so he'd have it be.

Thus I aspire to build up Satan's earth and not wear it down. To at times build from my own and at times building from another's, with hope that work be shared. If I find something lacking I will improve and improve it. If something is well enough it is pleasant for the eyes, I then know he thrives.

So let us make a little good a little better until it is very good. Let us place stones firmly, even everlasting.

You have lived your life in luxury and sensuality. You have strengthened the muscles of earth. We have found you every delight and in every way wise. You came forth as a shining light, a star of ways. Therefore we are ever so taken by your beauty of life and will never remove you from us. With us you will remain because with you we are sustained.

Take up a new name now and renew your life, dedicating yourself to every pleasure and things that reward and never fade. For if you, being new, devote yourself to Satan, your reward will never die, fade, he will brightly return it unto you, even twice.

For he who serves Devil are few, therefore the reward is more, having fewer workers to pay, but riches inexhaustible.

S/he who finds life will find it most pleasant and keep it and is indeed wise enough. S/he finds no fault in the earth and doesn't curse it. But the cowardly say, "it is too much for us! Too much work!" And they will strain, as their words become true.

S/he is not held under a curse who is neither much good nor much evil. But those that are not enough good or enough evil, they are held under indignation and wrath. They that are grey and insubstantial not serving good enough, or serving well enough under iniquity, they are certainly cursed.

A person that finds his brother or sister dead knows the true hatred and grave carelessness of Ya. Ya is selfish. He wants for himself thinking he alone is entitled. It does not matter if *you* want someone forever. That's not his concern. But I tell you now, were God to do that to me, he will always, always, and deeper than the depths of the ocean, my hate- even more, much more, than it is now, for him, my hatred would be, and remain, forever.

Being in the Form of Lucifer you've lived, yet you are extinguished as a burning bright fire by God- you lived- and that cannot be taken. The greater your love of this world the better, and you can even burn forth your way, as like Lord Lucifer. Though Ya viciously condemns us we were a living flame He cannot undo.

Have you not found your judgements suitable and a reliable resource? Can you see a hustler and a beggar's disregard for what is yours, as a man unable to tend to his own? Or a person, probably feeling lower than you, do you not judge him as being inferior? Or those you rule over should you not judge them if they are to stay in their place? Many conquerors and many rulers they judge, and without judgment they rule over nothing.

The fruit is indeed ripe for the Satanist to pick. Most "civil rights" are founded, from sexuality to race. And that Christianity obstructs these rights, our better. It is time that a Satanist comes forth and asserts his place, most excellently, not as a rendition of Harry Potter.

If you master something, master it for Satan and give it the Devil's name. This doesn't have to be anything rooted previously in Satanism. But whether or not something is, it can still be made Satanic, given its roots. Do one thing and do it well. You'll be even better. But if initially you cannot decide then do many things and decide from there. You will be most rewarded and a friend in Hell.

The deeper you go into the abyss the deeper you are Satanic and have no place to go. The deeper you are in the further it would take to be without. But He who fell from heaven fell deepest into hell. And he who falsely rides the clouds to heaven has the same demise. Rise and fall and you would master your dedication to Satan. Lie to Ya, purposefully. Compulsively ask for great and wonderful things and be nowhere in your heart.

Rush, rush out from the presence of Christ, for he sets many traps. He seeks to strip away your skin and put on it his wool. He *doesn't* lead you to good things- just water and very simple food. He sets a trap. So escape, save yourself!

The first step *away* from Christ is a difficult step, inasmuch as one was poor Christ. But walking for any time a person not wanting to waste his time in going back will continue forth. We must be with them as they walk and explain the deceit of Christ. Look forth, the greatness of the earth is yours for the taking. But you cannot have it and your Christ. With Christ there is no life.

Just as a Christian devices and conquers, and like no other, so should we, the Satanic. The Christian multiplies worse than any detestable swarm ever could. They device us and isolate us, punish us and demean us. What we are doing, being good, should bring indignant wrath toward it. Make the Christian succumb. Put her/ him aggressively in their place. Give them persecution! Put them up and far away from us, for they are a great and contagious evil.

.. I encourage you to take on many different views but owe yourself to none of them. In other words not many things, even many things well but be given to them none. You will have a broad perspective and never be condoned by something you are not devoted to.

.. Yoga and Tai Chi are very conducive of Satanic contemplation of the success of your goals.

.. Inasmuch as the universe is without boundaries, infinite in its circumference, there exists every imaginable thing. A world for everything, even in infinite numbers, and infinite in their variations.

Thinking this I formulated the idea of five planets. And by having faith I can call them forth.

They are:

Link- a planet that us decidedly kept old in its ways. They are forever in a medieval place. And with good results. For warmth, a campfire. All music is live and festive. Food is fresh with lots of pure meat. And homes are made of brick without drywall.

Pippy- Pippy is a place of witches, warlocks, witchcraft, and sorcery. It is somewhat bizarre, kind of Gothic, and certainly a strange, wonderful place. When you think of the fantasy element in movies or books, Pippy is that way.

Ler- Ler is simply evil. It is a place of all evils. It is nefarious.

Orion- Orion is a technologically developed and advanced place. But its inhabitants are childish, liking simplistic entertainment. It is guarded by an extraordinarily advanced defense system called "Stix." They are rods of any possible size ranging from needles to massive Collins. These can come together as anything whatsoever and either aid the Orion's or defend them.

Sephra- Or Sephra. Sephra is a candy land kind of place. There are stores everywhere offering either candy or toys. Much of the architecture is edible. People put stickers on everything. The streets glimmer in glitter. The place resembles places of Bubble Pop music (e.g., Aqua, Toy Box) and the show *LazyTown*.

These are a source of magic power for me. Their ideas go up, resolve into "perfection, done-ness" and fall back down.

Non participation and non compliance are characteristics of a forming Satanist, and one formed. The Satanist finds himself increasingly rebellious against what is forced friendships. S/he doesn't want these, is more self sustained, relying on oneself as a Satanist does.

There comes irritation from people who always have to be talking and revolving in their lives, others of their needed little friendships. All day the Satanist hears "how are you? Or worse- probing questions.

The forming Satanist finds small matters a waste of good time and finds himself removed.

S/he may ask themselves what good is it? And choose not to speak at all. Which in the beginning feels rude but comes increasingly easier until it takes no effort at all. The Satanist at this point is born and can no longer engage in being pointless and consecutively questioned.

Besides the matter that she or he has grown apart from the world and is interested in things quite distinctive, individualistic, the Satanist must find her or his own world, one unique to her or him.

Days and nights can come and go. In fact a Satanist naturally falls into night time life, that a Satanist is alone: but, ideally, productively alone.

.. Invite Gargamel into your heart. Or Freddy Cougar, or the Crypt Keeper. Invite Michael Madison in your heart. Or Jason, or even Craig. If you walk a mile in their shoes you might find that the shoes fit very well. So well in fact that you understand evil better. But for me it's Satanic. That includes characters like Warlock and Omen, Hellraiser and what all of sorts a Satanic villain should be. In these things are representations of Satanic evil and of which there is much.

.. You must recruit and make them willing subjects to our Lord. However you can, recruit, and have known simplistically the reward of following Satan. Many already want to follow our Lord. They just don't yet bring it fully enough into perception to realize it. But the can and you can help them forth. We need stronger numbers. Recruiters bring life into the world that's Satanic, making it more Satanic, and a better place to live. However you can, recruit, and do it far and wide. Because Satan will endow greatness to those who do. A reward everlasting in hell, to whom they belong.

.. What's inside the box? What could it be? We hold a mystery. We are much talked about. We raise eyes and heads. We are unknown, most of the time. But to a special, certain few, the outstanding, we reveal ourselves. We make people believe others are deranged but in actuality, they are just too ravaged by us. To some we speak, but the rest will never know it. They aren't on drugs. They are simply being overtaken by demonic forces. We are all around but never seen for what we are, and the ones that speak through us, are disbelieved.

The sun does not set on Luciferianism. And the sun rises high on it. Speak my words here far and wide: The sun rises up high on Luciferianism. Its work is perfect, almost whole, and stands unchallenged. When the angels make their report to God, they tremble. And all the angels tremble at its work, and stand challenged by God's perfect being. All things done through Lucifer and every praise, every work for him, stands forever.

.. Instead of finding your goals unattainable, make the process easier, and make them come easier, rather than reducing your output/ generation, to what is a lesser goal. Do the same amount of work, only make it easier to come by. In other words make your work easier to fulfil in aiming for better things.

.. One helps another in the therapeutic process of loss of inhibition. Getting drunk, you lose inhibition. And that helps, in letting loose. But while drunk the "aware" mind is shut off, in fact to a great extent. So the process works only within a limited frame. While drunk it is not so much you are inhibited. It is more that your mind processing is defunct. Therefore loss of inhibition while sober is most therapeutic. This is simply a therapeutic technique of losing all inhibition: saying *anything*, moving *any* way, loudly speaking, yelling, and so on and can include acting sexuality. So it should be with a person you know and trust.

.. Keep active knowing that Satan's kingdom is soon coming. It is the Devil's earth. And of THE PEOPLE came his people, bringing forth his people. Satan has been presented in countless ways in the world, these last few years, with much more to come, and a higher concentration. His kingdom is being developed here. It is not coming in an instant. It is forming in our midst. So we will be ready.

.. Sleep deprivation is a highly effective magic- working technique. When deprived of sleep the gates of Hell slowly creek open. In fact they do whether you are Christian or Satanic. You are more susceptible to fantasy while sleep deprived. And are better at evocation. Your emotion intensifies. The world has more depth. Just if done, beware.

.. Mine is a door unto the Devil. Mine, the Devil's door, to one's approach. And there are many ways to His door, but none so direct. Those of Satan, his children, will never have that door closed to him. Those that burn with iniquity, either. And those that look for his door, for long enough, sincerely and earnest enough will find it. But only I can quickly, easily, and assuredly take you right to it. And the Devil is otherwise not found, and hidden. But the very best of it will simply walk right into the mirror right in front of it. We have the Devil's image.

.. You must challenge yourself to visualize a working magic, as visualization works magic, images captivating, even profound. Visualization works magic for those well trained. One may teach oneself and in so working visualization can greatly change things around him, even the world itself.

The path of the Satanist before me is lacking, for I am Satan's Son. You are of *your Father*, The Devil, there is no truth in him, and he is a murderer from the beginning. I am *Satan's Son*. I will show you the true way, that way most rewarding, if I've earned your trust. I came to Satan, and from him became twisted, until I was reborn. The Dragon closed up my mind for three days, forcing all within it to be concentrated into my subconscious. Then it suddenly burst forth in life, and I became as new, his creation. And I will speak to you about many great things and you will listen. I will guide you to all things good. Believe me, just listen, and you will be as the stars in the sky, beyond any one's reach.

We will work together for a better whole, we will bring before us a paradise excellent, sexual, emotional, and material, those golden three. And for all one purpose for himself, and for others a purpose of three. May the Earth be bright, lovely, and forward, not restricted, ugly, and dim. Make the earth better, more accessible. Beautify it and we will all live well within it. But those that go around spilling grey paint on it, may they suffer.

.. He who goes my way will obtain unbridled power. The doors of magic will be flung open to them. They will not suffer, but will delight, and praise the day they found me and took my ways. At the end of the road I put you on there is Satan, and mine is the

only way. You will meet the Devil and be my brother. And you will be prepared to be taken forth.

.. This is nothing that is unsubstantial. Think only greatly progressive things. Things Satanic, things life changing, things wholesome, rewarding. All thought founded upon them will intensively make life better. Tell yourself you are well, happy, and you will be, like a self fulfilling prophecy. But any negative thing told to yourself, becomes, a little or a lot, it comes at a price. Revel rather at things that are good, and having bright side thinking, can only make you bright. And brighter, and ever brighter. But speak of the truth of yourself.

.. Those of Christ are empty and void, haven't life. They are a *rock* and not their own. They have failed in life and succumbed to Christ, a Christ slave. Those of Satan have a driving, well endowed life bestowing purpose.

.. Don't waste time with the non Satanic. The Satanic should be your every living purpose, with or without reward. But those that fill a Satanic Purpose are more than duly rewarded. In fact, they are rewarded many times over for their service. Serve in all ways Satan, because He will reward you in a way you or others cannot reward yourself. The Satanic together will share paradise. To each Satanist his piece, a portion that cannot be taken, but everlasting. As long as you successfully enact your Satanic Purpose.

We none haven't enough time to waste, not ever, because Hell comes soon for us all, our portion returned by the Universe and its magic. In service to Satan we establish our New World and the place we take establishes its manifestation for us all. For the less, the lesser. For the greater, the greater. And for the best, the best. Some will reside in poverty forever, not having served Satan well enough.

.. There is a strain to those not wanting to work. But once overcome that work becomes second hand. Then, you will begin to live for Satan and will no longer face an overwhelming challenge. You will walk forever forward on the day of settlement. Once overcome you will live for yourselves through him. You will not mindlessly wander, no, never more. You must configure yourself to that change, a devotion most sincere, to Satan.

Stop thinking of anything Christian! He is a deceiver. He slays His sheep. He sees them well: as sheep, not as individuals. He treads all over people to make himself Brutal Lord. He slays and destroys those that don't love him. He takes away people's lives by planting on his own. His grumblings and complaints are most insignificant, petty, but dire for those that refuse to follow him. But overall is powerless to those not giving of themselves to him. So don't be his. It comes at a dire price.

Purify and concentrate Satanic thought. What comprises Satanic thought? Individuality, purpose, work, and creativity. Creativity comes better all the time. It is the ability to

make with what is Satanic, or to form the same. The more one you are one the more you are a Satanist being.

For before you were truly Satanic what were you? No more than a walking sheep. Satan has given you his way, with which you should be utterly proud. Most walk the common way or ways which are otherwise rivaled by Satanic thinkers. Man or woman, the Satanist transforms the Earth, greatly, and in every good way. Satan gave you his way. It is his earth and we share it with him, driving it into the future, reaching out from the past, and enjoying every present moment here spent. Rejoice and be happy in this. For in all ways you would be undone you weren't, but rather you were taken by him.

I assure you if we each do our part our world *Nazia* will be better. We each have so much to offer. We each do a little lot. And better. Some have expended a whole life's purpose here too. With a little help besides, we will soon worship Satan in the open air, entirely hindered. Then the Christians, though spoiled as they are, will bitterly hide in the dark and wait for a Christ that will not come.

We make the Earth every good thing it is. Only through Satanism comes True Utopia. A world of scientific thinkers, the open, fair minded, the greatly productive, the self sustained, intelligent, and resourceful

Save your hate for those that deserve it, the anti- Satanic, pushy of culture (remember you must guard your individuality, it is your soul itself.), and certainly those that would presume to push their beliefs on you, which is usually a Christian. Remove from your life the Satanic Obstructive, of which there are many. Or hide your beliefs so that they will not be tarnished. Do not walk where they are going. Go your own way, which is of fire and earth, Satan and Lucifer's own.

People that are apart from us are wretched, profitless, incompatible in every way. Learn to quickly disperse and dispense with them: they are in the way. They are of little difference to us if our powers are concentrated. If concentrated we can easily push them out, entirely. But if we are softy souls never erect, we will succumb, and be destroyed, as so many are "in Christ." Be apart, always, from the non Satanic, if not in actuality, at least in processing. You will need to cull forth and draw from the Satanic, to be able to reach your potential. Be with one always with the brotherhood.

Remove from your mind all things Christian. Deposit all empty places with refined Satanism. And you will go very, very far. Remove Christianity from yourself and live. Take on Christ and die. Regard Satan as your perfect embodiment, your upper most constituency. He will become as such, having worthily been brought in. You will rise ever high, becoming Luciferian. First a Satanist, then a Warlock/ Witch, and beyond that a Luciferian. Invoke his power and it will eventually become your will.

Sing a tune in your head or chant when it is that others or other things are catering you from your Satanic purpose. Do not let them invade your "Satanic- Person Doing." Stay

on track, as firmly as a train, and move forward, in doing, calculating, executing the Devil's work.

It is essential that we expand. We must come forth. We must arrive from all directions. From one, four, from four, eight, and from eight, sixteen. Let us expand and multiply so that we can come forth and conquer the world. Make no misstep, consecrate a follower in whole, and multiply forth.

They are those empty, dross, and worthless, even obstructing us, that do no good in the look of the world. We cannot make the world better? And why not? We would have it beautiful and better to look at. We would set forth a better looking society. We wouldn't have rules that obstructed creativity.

Your righteous mind will hate you and seek control through every little drop seeping in. Like a formidable person, it will not give up easily. You must have your Satanic mind overcome and slay your righteous mind, leaving no remnant. Be sure it is dead or it may resurface. Only then will you be entirely Satanic and forever grow from the same.

Your life began when Satan chose you, choose a new name. Become in all ways His.

.. The minds of the masses have no life and cannot be sustained apart from sheep- like thinking. There is no life in it, maybe a little bitty life but next to no "straying thought." I have studied it long and wide, there is little to no thought there. They very seldom go beyond simple- minded thinking. They can't embrace it. They don't know what it is. It scares them even. For them thinking is all within the frame of commonality. People apart from it may spark something in them but proceeding from it, as to elaborate what this "spark" was, is not possible. And too much of it is harmful, radical. *And strange- very strange!* At- hand thinking, spurious, is a bitter sting of poison to their highly customary lifestyle. How do hip hop people look to *you*?

Leave the sheep and join the pack.

Have no doubt that Satan's path is the best.

Non Satanic thinkers emit a poison of thought.

Your good, better life came from Satan. How will you respond? At least take time in knowing this: Satan chose you and his path is yours and ours.

Christianity has a poisonous triangle, its worst three aspects you should be guarded against. These are:

Closed Mindedness- There is no reason with them. It is pointless. It is futile. You'll get nothing out of any conversation with them. They are sneaky, like a snake. They care for nothing beyond the Word of Christ. Don't waste your time in talking to them. Cut the talk short.

Thought/ Opinion Pushiness- They are very certain the right way is His way, even though they cannot elaborate why Christ is no less than 100% right all the time. So they think you are *wrong* and must do things *Jesus* way whether or not you are a responsible person.

Hatred of non Christian Over Thought- Christians cannot tolerate a person who is highly intelligent and yet is apart from Christ. They stumble thinking the only good kind of thinking and wisdom comes from Christ and all other mind sets are as nothing.

But harmony comes from Satanism, as intelligence and knowledge is in and of itself usable, self approved. We are open minded, hopefully enough, and usually are. Our love of self gives much more room to love others.

And we, being individualists, and honoring the same, do not obstruct another's individually derived tastes.

He who was with and formed us from the Beginning is with us still. We are the son of Adam who was Fathered by Satan and who Fathered us from the Beginning. He who had no name, The New Father. He opened our blind eyes so that we could behold and see Him. Lord Satan made us His Father and we continue with Him now, even so late in the day.

Mmm cold water! Water can be ritualized into a working magic, and simply. Just drink it slowly, about a large cup, and put forth a relaxed state from it, while visualizing something: in the wings of an angel, or anything pleasant, such as the realization of your goals. It's easy. And it works. You can also tell yourself, "my blood is blue," to invoke a relaxed state from slowly drinking.

.. God helps people win football games! And even other less interesting games! Have you heard about this? There are players and quarterbacks so elated, their prayers worked! God made them win! And after the victory they celebrate His Holy Name with a lavish feast and newborn devotion to their Lord. Meanwhile, little children are starving. Meanwhile, people suffer. Some sports players had died. There was three hundred years of slavery. And there God was certainly never found. Someone was in a car wreck and they survived. They proudly said "God spared me everyone!" and on the news, heard by the family of the ones who died. It shouldn't be where God is that matters. More importantly it is where he *isn't*.

.. Be proud of each other and share the same work, at least some of the time. Be always one from two, one from three, one from four. Great things can be produced from a collective Satanic mind. With most others things are already pretty much entirely the same. They are grey on grey. But a Satanist is his/ her own color. From joining Satanic work comes a rainbow. The Satanist himself is already a rainbow, and too often one unseen.

If the Satanist cannot find his own right of way he must brutally slaughter his restrictor. If he hasn't the strength or bravery, then he must escape and dismount, tear down, *change*, from afar. Thankfully the internet complements Satanic thought and religion is becoming powerless, anyways, except for Satanism.

.. A person that takes wrong done to him quietly is not functioning right.

A person that does what he is told without question is not functioning right. There is something dysfunctional.

A person that never reaches for greater things does not think well of himself. There is certainly something complacent about him.

A person who doesn't actively make his life good, is as one empty. There is something to show for it.

A person who cannot elaborate on thoughts is lacking. He hasn't the ability to think for himself. And this too is a bad dysfunction.

But a person that defends himself, is still working normally, and should be given honor.

A person that doesn't work without profit, he has not been made defunct, by parents, by teachers, or by leaders, and is indeed strong.

A person that reaches for higher things has overcome all self doubt or resistance, and will soar higher than the heavens.

A person who actively makes life better tastes it and it is good. He will not return to plain water.

A person who can formulate thought from thoughts encompassing a wide perspective is *intelligently alive*. S/he has life.

All other things besides, a person can be functional if s/he overcomes her/ his oppression, those that reduce capacity.

.. A Satanic Commune and its matters. A *Satanic Commune/ household community* should contain at least 15 people, each paying their part and working productively. Some should have a good paying job outside the home. The rest do homage to Satan (something productive such as writing or programming.) And those without a paying job must be prolific. Success comes easier that way, for sure, and as well there are powers in numbers. The place should have all the ammonites in life: good food. One who cooks. This household should have a name such as *The () Household*, or, L.A. Household of Satan. They should create a large storehouse of items for sale. You might fail. But you might succeed. Either way you did permanently lasting work to Satan.

.. The Principality List was a list that I formed in my Schizophrenic mind while I was in The Hole for 30 days. It is certainly the best thing I've ever written. It reveals twelve persons consisting within a frame of four types of things. Usually an animal, a color, a mythological figure, and a weapon/ magical item.

This list was earlier in the book and is on the last page.

It reveals great Satanic personification and aids as a thought tool into manifesting Satanic Identity or SiD.

Each four groups of items were listed in perfect balance. Where one thing was lacking the others made up for it. And some, though seeming flattering, were actually very powerful. But though I did try to perfectly balance it, my four came out the most powerful. I actually didn't intend it to. (My four are white, ring, goat, and thief.) Particularly white and ring are the most potent two items in all the list.

If you consider the color white, it us all the greatest things. I'd encourage you to discover that yourself. Just take a moment to think about white food and you will simply have to agree: white makes up all the best food. And think of its meat, not its skin, and all the better.

So let me elaborate on the persons of the list one thing and another.

Star Fox (fox) Zelda's Gannon (thief) Link's ocarina (wind) A bird carries Link away (bird) the Wall Hand in Zelda (hand) Epona (Horse) The Master Sword (Sword) Gannon (the Swine) Majora's Mask (mask and the joker) And in Zelda are fairies.

Final Fantasy sometimes has a stage (like the opera performance in FF 3/6. An early enemy is often a rabbit. A chocobo (bird.) A hand cursor in 6. SeeD in FF 8. Relics in 6 (rings.) A thief character, as is also prevalent in many fantasy invested things. Esper stones. And Espers are *spirits*. Kefka was a *joker*. He looked like a clown.

All movies, shows, games, cartoons and books contain an essence of each person within the Principality List.

Conclusion in ending the Matter

If this book has a few dominating undertones they are the importance of life quality- to enjoy it all. Take in the cool waters and transform into something good. Create your success and devout your work to Satan. Be active, productive, because it will lead you to a better, more prosperous life.

And we shouldn't waste our time, too much, doing too little. There is a massive inventory of Christian thought material. It is certainly a simple minded quantity, with little to no quality coming from one track minds. *A way of saying one thing fifty times.*

We, being different and more intelligent owe ourselves to the world for *our* world. For a better place.

Satan is *not* a mythological being. He is not something known and spoken of for millennia for no reason. I *do* know and if you are an exceptional Satanist he may very well show himself to you, too. I have seen him many times and have taken to him, and him to me.

Believe me, a Devil Worshipper is better, more fulfilled, more rewarded, than an atheist is. Life is just the beginning or as that old death metal CD said it, *Death is Just the Beginning*. You have a lot to look forward to, dear Satanist, stay on the path. Steer clear of queer.

We are different thinkers. I hope I have sparked in you a living spirit of individuality. "There's no accounting for taste, unless you are like them, ridiculing them in popularity." Well, it all *used* to be popular. And what about the recently popular? Who would carry it on? We do, and you know what? We evolve. We are a more natural progression of things, which should have been, what should be, individually.

I certainly want the world to be more Satanic. I want Satanic churches everywhere. I want Christianity outlawed. It needs to be. No other group is more destructive of humanity. No other group contains more bullies. No other group is so thoroughly misleading.

But a Satanist makes the world better. S/ he enriches it in all ways.

If you can see how moronic people seem in the mainstream, in popular things, how they move, speak and present themselves, especially in "hip hop" then you have the eyes of a Satanist. They look and talk like morons. Like clowns bouncing around. It's pitiful. And disgusting. And yet comical. But shameful. None will know it until ten years past its time.

Consider all things but carefully. Go through a library practically all day to find one book. I did. You know what I found? A book of Russian proverbs, a book that teaches self leadership, *The Greatest Salesman On Earth*, and *the Richest Man in Babylon*.

The same with music and clothes, food and drink. Just don't feel you must show your difference, rather blend in. Support all popular issues and agendas. Agree. It's easy.

Don't be taken from and generally view others as either the good they are, or the bad, and move forward, with or without them. Some may not like you. But others do. They should be given your attention and the others dismissed or removed. We are not

“Christian” , we do not love our wrongdoers. May the most substantial law be as done so do likewise.

It's easy, success comes to the working, if not alone, but with it earned. And every day is an opportunity to make things better. Along the way you are different, exceptional, self sustained, living. You will do well, I know you will. Have a nice day, a nice night, a nice life, and be well, always-

Lucifer Jeremy White

The Principality List

Person One- Red, Hand, Bird, Staff

Person Two- Bear, Brown, Bee, Cane

Person Three- Green, Rabbit, Seed, Stage

Person Four- White, Ring, Goat, Thief

Person Five- Red, Whip, Cat, Fairy

Person Six- Joker, Sword, Swine, Gold

Person Seven- Yellow, Rodent, Wind, Duke

Person Eight- Bomb/ Blast/ Wand, Black, Fox, Beast

Person Nine- Yellow, Toad, Horse, Dust

Person Ten- Panther, Word, Creature, Assassin

Person Eleven- Blue, Stone, Spirit, Elephant

Person Twelve- Dragon, Mask, Purple, Dog/ Canine

My other books:

The Satanic Book

The Christian Satanic Bible

A Map for a Christian Satanist

Christian Satanism

Becoming a Christian Satanist

Christian Satanic Doctrine

The Gray Book of Satanic Christianity

Mastering Christian Satanism

Christian Satanic Books 1-5

Prayers to Become Lucifer

My Anti Christ Game or Movie

Anti Voidalism Book of:

Aeon, Raine, Ro, Bethai

Godism 1 & 2

Crazyism: A Spiritual Healing

Books 1-5 of the Five Planets

Lucifer's Book of Inventions 1-6

Trash Writings of Lucifer White (A Satanic art book)

The Full Bible of Steel (A 418 page bible.)

Another Christian Satanic Bible

Satanic Poems

Lessons of Demonic Magic

Branches of the Satanic Tree

New books will be under the name Lucifer Damuel White or my birth name Adam Jeremy Capps.

All 100% FREE as Ebooks! All in the public domain!

The Principality List

Person 1: Red, Bird, Hand, Staff

Person 2: Brown, Bear, Bee, Cane

Person 3: Green, Rabbit, Seed, Stage

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Person 6: Yellow, Rodent, Wind, Duke

Person 7: Bomb/Blast/Wand, Black, Beast, Fox

Person 8: Yellow, Toad, Horse, Dust

Person 9: Black Panther, Word, Assassin, Creature

Person 10: Blue, Elephant, Stone, Spirit

Person 11: Joker, Swine, Gold, Sword

Person 12: Purple, Dragon, Mask, Canine